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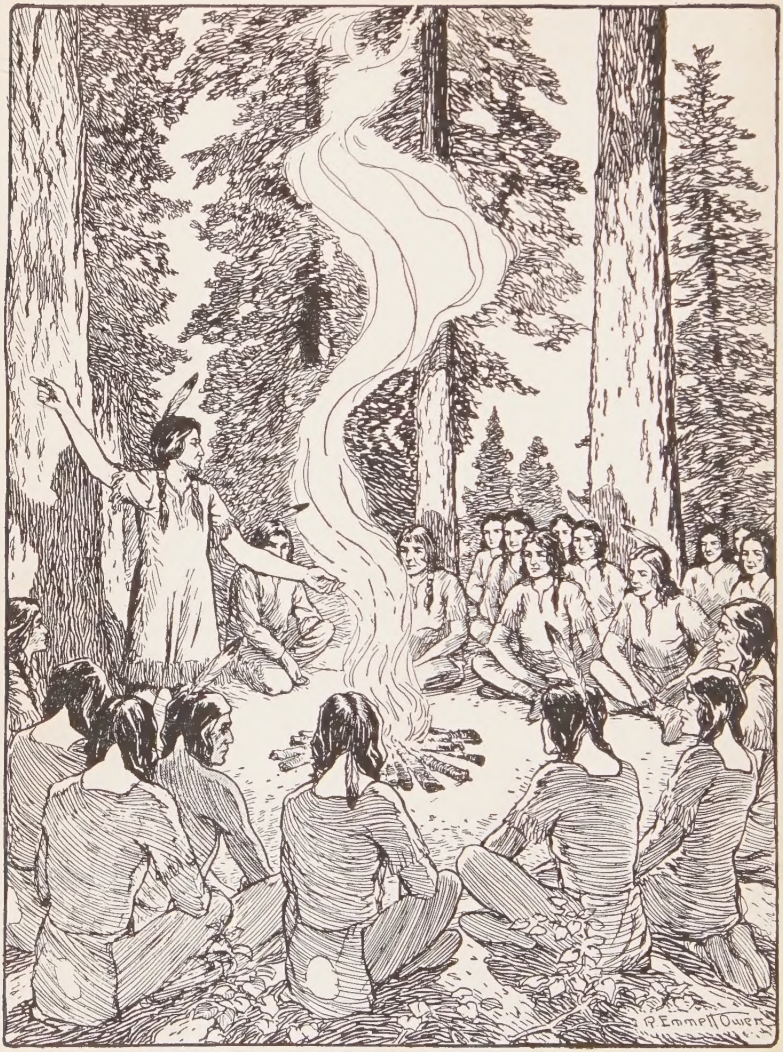
AROUND AN IROQUOIS STORY FIRE



"'Hanio!'—Let's have a story!"

AROUND AN IROQUOIS STORY FIRE

BY

MABEL POWERS
(YEHSENNOHWEHS)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY
R. EMMETT OWEN

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NEW YORK
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MCMXXIII

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First printing, June 9, 1923
Second printing, October 1, 1923
Third printing, April 26, 1926
Fourth printing, November 6, 1929
Fifth printing, November 19, 1934
Sixth Printing, October 23, 1936

REF j398.2 Powe

Powers, Mabel.

Around an Iroquois story fire, .
1923.

Printed in the United States of America

DEDICATION

Again Yehsennohwehs lights a story fire. Again she calls "Hanio!" This time may her voice reach the children of every tribe the sun shines upon. From near and far trails of the earth, may their voices answer, "Heh!"

May not only Red and Paleface children gather round this fire, but may children of every race and color sit in a circle about it. May the Children of Earth form a ring of peace and love around it. May the Smile of the Great Spirit rest upon them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

These Indian friends brought wood to Yehsennohwehs that a second story fire might be lighted for the Children of Earth. For this Yehsennohwehs is grateful.

EDWARD CORNPLANTER (*Sosondowah*—"Great Night").....Seneca Wolf
HOWARD MIDSKY (*Gauwii*—"He sees from the high place")...Seneca Heron
YOUNG WILLIAM JONES (*Dayayah*—"Long Cloud").....Seneca Snipe
JONAS CROUSE (*Daanjhon*—"Land all around").....Seneca Hawk
ELECTA CROUSE (*Tandiet*).....Seneca Beaver
THOMAS JONES (*Gahneyehs*—"The dropping snow").....Seneca Wolf
JOHN JIMERSON (*Sohaohgwash*—"Soaring Chief")....White Eagle-Seneca
ALEX CLUTE (*Ganowahyando*).....Seneca Turtle
LEWIS JIMERSON (*Wahwahwannoonk*—"One who overhears")
Cayuga White Heron

The songs were sung by Howard Midsky and Simeon Skye, and were recorded by Mary Wolff, the friend of Yehsennohwehs.

FOREWORD

Again Yehsennohwehs, our Paleface friend—the One who carries and tells the stories—lights story fire.

Many of the old chiefs and story-tellers, who some moons ago bring logs and sticks to make the first story fire, have gone on Long Sky Trail. But fire still burn, Yehsennohwehs keep it bright, she gather more wood to keep it burning.

Yehsennohwehs love the Indian, his thoughts and ways, the free life he once live under blue sky. She love all his sky and earth and water brothers. She love the same Great Spirit that he love.

We are glad both Paleface and Indian learn from her what great things Indian once do, how much he give. We are glad she know how good and kind his heart is. We are glad she speak for us and tell beautiful thoughts in Indian's mind, how always he is thinking of Great Spirit. We are glad her story fire make Paleface to see Indian as he is.

May this story fire warm the hearts of the children and the women, the young men and the old. May the fire of the Great Spirit keep it always burning. May all who sit around it hear His Voice, and be as brothers.

Chief of Mohawks,

Tom D. Log X Sah-ren-ho-wahne.
claw wolf. | Majestic Tree.

Chief of Oneidas,

Chapman Schanandoah. Wolf. Dar-yo-neea

Chief of Onondagas,

"Sah-Loo-Ja-Hoo"

Chief of Cayugas,

Robert Jr. Davey. Gi non dah-weh-hon
Claw (Hawk) | man who eats the ants nest.

Chief of Senecas,

Falling Day
Solon Stagg. Nis-hea-ngah-nant

Chief of Tuscaroras,

Sa carissa. Sword carrier,
Wm. J. Johnson

(The present acting chiefs have signed this Foreword with Indian names and symbols)

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AROUND AN IROQUOIS STORY FIRE

WHY STORIES ARE TOLD AROUND THE FIRE

Why is it that when we gather in a circle about a fire some one always says, "Oh, let's tell stories!" There must be a reason why a circle and a fire always make us think of stories, and there is certainly no better place in the world to tell a story than around a fire.

We may not remember it, but moons and moons and moons ago we have all sat out under the starlit sky in a circle about a fire and told stories—or perhaps listened to stories being told. It is the memories of long ago that stir within us as we smell the smoke and watch the dancing flames leap forth that make us form a ring about the fire and say, "Oh, tell a story!"

Had there never been a fire, there would never have been a story. Moons and moons and moons ago, when the earth was yet young and the first men lived

on it, there was no fire, except the sun fire in the sky. But the sun fire at times went away and left them; then the earth grew dark and cold and their hearts were heavy.

And one day as one of these first men sat shivering—perhaps watching his little child suffering with the cold—because he was so wretched and unhappy, he seized a black stone that lay near and threw it as hard as he could against another. Then something very strange happened. Sparks of fire flew into the air. Oh, how wonderful it must have been to have seen for the first time the spirit of fire leap out of dull black stones!

This fire, the first men found they could call from out these black, hard stones whenever they wished. Later they learned that this same fire lived also in the heart of wood, and that by rubbing together pieces of certain kinds of wood, they could make fire. This strange fire spirit, however, would not stay long with them unless they gave it something to eat. It seemed to be ever hungry, and when they fed it they found it would laugh and sing and dance for them and make their lodges warm and light and their hearts happy as did the sun fire in the sky.

Great was the mystery and wonder of the fire to the first men! They did not know whence it came nor whither it went when it left them, but they

were very grateful for it and believed the Great Spirit must have sent it, since it made them so warm and happy.

Before the fire came to the first men they were always afraid. They feared that some animal might spring upon them in the darkness, or other harm come to them. They did not know that the Great Spirit had made everything good, that it is man who twists things and makes them seem wrong. They did not know that animals will not harm us if we are kind and have no fear of them; so because these men were afraid, they looked for something outside of themselves to protect them. They saw that fire had great power, so they said, "Let us get behind this powerful thing that has come to us and let it protect us! Let us put fire between us and the things we are afraid of!"

The first men then lighted a circle of fires around them. Within that circle of fires they found they were safe from animals and could sleep or talk in peace, for no animals would cross that ring of fires, so charmed were they by the spirit of the fire. So fire became the guardian chief of the first men.

Fire is still the guardian chief of men, but now men look within for it, for they have learned that fire lives not only in the heart of the stone and of the wood but in the hearts of men. And when this fire of

love and courage burns in the hearts of men, one is protected by it.

It was a night long to be remembered when men first discovered love fire in the hearts of one another. That night, instead of making a ring of fires about themselves, they made a ring of themselves about the fire. And as they sat about it, they began to talk about this wonderful thing that had power even to draw men together and around it. This was the first story that was ever told around the fire, the story of the fire itself. Afterwards men came from other tribes and sat around the fire with them and told what they knew of it and of other wonderful things they had seen and heard. And so these stories grew and grew and grew around the fire.

And why do we like to sit in a circle, to form a ring about the fire? The ring of fires and the ring of men meant peace and life and love to the first men. A ring today means peace and life and love and happiness.

To sit in a ring is also the most natural and the happiest way to sit. Have you noticed that as we form a ring about this story fire each one of us has the best seat? Each can see and be seen, and this makes each one of us feel that we are a part of the ring and have a share in all that goes on in it. We

like the things that we all take part in and share with all.

And now as the Red children and you and Yehsennohwehs make a ring about this Iroquois story fire, we hear the Red children call "Hanio!"—Let's have a story!—and they invite the children of all peoples to join the ring and share with them the wonder and happiness of their stories as Yehsennohwehs, their story-teller, tells them.

HOW THE TREE BROTHERS GAVE

We all love the Indian and his stories, for there is something about the Indian and his stories that comes very, very near to the heart of every boy and girl, something that they claim as their very own.

Yehsennohwehs believes that this is because we all belonged once to the woods and knew the Wood People very intimately. She also believes that the woods and the Wood People still belong to us, and should be a part of our lives. Through the Indian we get acquainted with all of Mother Nature's children, the Wood, the Water, and the Air People, for the Indian knows and loves them all. He says they are our brothers, for the same life that is in us is in

them. We are glad to know we have so many relatives, for we like to belong to a large family.

The Red children know many, many secrets of the Wood People which Paleface boys and girls do not know. Not long ago they told Yehsennohwehs one of the secrets of the Tree People, and she will tell it now to you.

But first you must know that the real Indian loves to give. He will give the thing he loves most because he does not wish to value things too much and become attached to them. He never measures his gift. He may spend a whole year carving a pipe or a cane, weaving a basket or blanket for his friend, but he is happy in doing it, if he has made something beautiful and has made some one else happy in doing it. He will give his last bit of meat or corncake to one who is hungry, and no one cold or in need is ever turned from his lodge-door. "Do not the sun and the rain give to all?" he asks. "Then why should men hold anything back for themselves?"

In the old days each of the Red children brought his gift to the tribe. His gift was the thing he could do best and the thing he loved best to do. The best arrow-maker became the arrow-maker teacher of the tribe and taught the others how to make arrows. The one who could tell the best story became the story-teller of the tribe. It made no difference what

the gift was, whether it were a piece of meat, a basket of corn, a bow and arrow, a warm blanket, a song or story, it was of value if it was of use to the people and made them happy, and each was happy in bringing his gift and had no thought as to what he would get for it.

It was long, long before the Paleface came that the Red children learned this beautiful lesson of giving, and they did not forget it when they saw their White brother. First they gave him their hands and called him brother. Then they gave him a seat by their fire and a soft skin to sit upon, their best food to eat and warm skins to wear, a place in which to live, and hunting and fishing grounds.

But the Palefaced brother had not learned to give as had his Red brother, and he did not give to the Red Man as the Red Man gave to him. Yehsennohwehs is sure, however, that all Palefaced children who read this story will wish to share their gifts.

It was from Mother Earth's Tree children, the Indians say, that they first learned how to give. The Tree People were here before the Red children, for when the latter came to earth they found it peopled with their Tree brothers. The Tree People welcomed their Red brother; they were glad that he had come to live with them, and each wished to give him a gift that would help him to live.

Wahdageit, the Maple, was the first to bring his gift. "I will give him sweet water to drink," he said, "and out of my heart let him make a bowl from which to drink it."

Goungah, the Elm, was the next to speak.

"The Great Spirit has given my brother corn to plant and to grow. He will need something in which to store it before he makes it into bread and pudding. Take my skin and make a great bowl in which to place food that is dry. Bind my cords around it, tie it strong, and let him remember that when he needs to tie anything fast and secure, he should use my cords."

"And I will give him the pounder in which to grind his corn," said Gahgahdah, the Oak. "My heart is strong and firm; it never wears out. When the corn has been ground in the pounder, his wife can make it into bread and pudding."

"And I will give her the paddle with which to stir the pudding," quickly added the Maple, "and a spoon with which to eat it." So it was from the Maple that the Indian made his pudding stick and spoons.

"My brother will wish something in which to carry the nuts and the fruits that the Great Spirit has caused to grow for him. He will need baskets in which to gather the corn, to wash and prepare it for the grinding. Let me give him baskets," said

Gahnyu, the Ash. "If he will come and sit beside me, I will show him how to bend and shape my heart so that it will serve others. Together we will make baskets of all kinds. Let the women come, too, and learn from me how to carry things. I will make for them a papoose basket in which to bear their little ones; then their burdens will be light."

"And we will fill the baskets that Gahnyu makes," cried all the Nut brothers in one breath: Onyastah, the Chestnut; Ooskaan, the Beech; Tsunoogwak, the Walnut; and Oonennoogah, the Hickory. "And I will also make for him arrows that can not be bent; with them he can bring down big game," concluded the Hickory. "Will Gahnyu make for him the bow? It will not be difficult for him to bend to the bow-string."

The Ash agreed to this, and soon a fine bow and arrow were in the hands of the Red Man.

"Our brother has no shelter from the storms, no place in which to live and use all these gifts," said the Pine Tree, Osoah. "I will make for him a lodge," murmured the Pine in his soft-singing voice, "and my cousins, the Balsam and Cedar—Soahgodah and Joonundahjeh—will help me. Soahgodah will make for him a soft and sweet-smelling bed upon which sleep and beautiful dreams will come to him. Should he grow tired when on the trail, and the journey seem

long, let him take one of my limbs to walk with. With it he will travel fast. My limbs are long and strong and straight, for I am ever climbing, climbing high to find the sun."

The Red Man thanked his Tree brothers for their many and useful gifts and journeyed on. He had gone but a few arrow flights, however, when he became very thirsty. "Oh, if Wahdageit, my Maple friend, were but with me!" he thought. "He would give me sweet water to drink." With this thought, he ran on down the trail.

Soon he saw a great willow bowing low his head "My brother wishes water, is it not so?" called the Willow as he greeted him. "Remember Osadah, the Willow, is your friend. He guards the springs for you. Yonder is living water," said he, with a graceful nod of his head. "Go and drink."

With a grateful heart the Red Man drank and passed on, thinking long on the words of the Willow.

After a while the trail of the Red Man led him to the river. The waters were deep and wide. He could not swim them and take with him the gifts of the Tree brothers. As he stood by the river wondering how he would cross, a White Birch that was standing near called to him, "Brother, would you cross?"

The Red Man nodded his head in reply.

"Then take some of my white skin," said Tagah-

wishdan, the Birch. "No water ever gets through my skin. Sew it together with the cords Goungah has given you, then ask Osoah to give you some of his blood to pour upon the places you have bound together. You will then be able to travel safely the river trails."

From the skin of the White Birch the Red Man then made his canoe. With the cords of the Elm he bound it fast, and with the life-blood of the Pine he made it water-tight. Then, with a glad heart, he sprang lightly into the canoe and rode the waters.

On and on, farther and farther down the singing swift-running river went the canoe and its maker At last he grew tired of riding the waters and longed to feel the earth under his feet. He decided to land. Seeing a beautiful place near which were clear-flowing springs and many Tree brothers standing by, he left his canoe and took counsel with them. There he decided to remain for a time and build a lodge. Very happy was the heart of the Red Man all summer building his home and making use of the Tree People's gifts. The sun shone warm and bright and all his wants seemed to have been supplied. But after the Moon of falling leaves had passed, the sun did not often show his smiling face, and the Red Man grew cold and his heart was heavy.

Then Soahgodah—the Balsam Fir—whispered to

him one night as he lay on his bed, "There is sun-fire in my heart; take some pieces of it and rub them together."

The Red Man did as he was told and smoke came forth from the heart of the Fir. He continued to rub the pieces together and soon sparks were seen which burst into flame. In a short time a fire was burning in the lodge, and it was filled with warmth and light.

Then all the Tree People about the lodge with one voice spoke to the Red Man.

"The fire of love dwells in all our hearts. Take it and use it; it will ever keep you warm. When the sun hides his face and your heart is cold and heavy, take the heart of any one of us, place upon it the fire which you have learned to call forth from the heart of Soahgodah—the Balsam Fir. You will find that any one and all of your Tree brothers will give you warmth and light. We give you our life and our love. Go forth, and give to your brothers what the Tree brothers have given to you."

WHY ONE WOODPECKER HAS A RED HEAD

A woodpecker had been out all day working hard, hammering away on tree-trunks. When night came he had a bad headache.

The woodpecker flew back to his lodge in the hollow of the great oak. He tried to sleep, but he could not. There was a great pain in his head. Oh, how it did ache!

At last the woodpecker thought his head would split in two if something were not done. He went to the door of the lodge and put his head out. The cool night air made him feel a little better. The Wood People were asleep, save for a few night walkers. Gahgwah, the moon, was high in the sky. It would

be a long time before the sun came up. None of the Bird People were to be seen, but over in the tall hickory tree, O o wah, the owl, was hooting. He was the only bird out.

The woodpecker called to the owl to come to his lodge. At once the owl flew to his door and inquired what was wanted.

The woodpecker said he had a great pain in his head. "Would O o wah go and get medicine?"

O o wah, the owl, said he would be very glad to go, and he flew at once to the south. He knew a redbird lived there who had strong medicine.

The owl found the lodge of the medicine redbird and brought him back to the woodpecker's lodge. The medicine redbird went in and looked at the woodpecker. He said he could cure him, for he had brought strong medicine.

The medicine redbird then pulled two red feathers from his wing and stuck them in the woodpecker's head. He said, "Strong medicine in these red feathers; wear them two days and you will be cured."

The woodpecker wore the red feathers two days, then forgot to take them out. This is why he has a red head today. It is also why this woodpecker can hammer so hard on trees. He has never had a headache since those medicine feathers were given him.

WHY LEAVES TURN RED AND YELLOW

Most people do not know that a great bear chase is forever on, high, high up in the sky. The Indians know just how and why it is that all these things are as they are. They know why this bear chase is on, and this is how they say it came to be.

Once many, many moons ago a great bear appeared in the forest. This was long, long before the White man came. No one knew whence this bear came, but he was so fierce and strong, no animal could meet him and live. Game grew scarce, and the trails were strewn with bones The Indians saw that they must soon rid the forest of this monster, or no animals could live. A council was therefore called to decide how and when to attack him.

That night three Indian brothers who were great hunters had a dream Each dreamed that he had brought down the bear, and carried the heart of the monster back to the people. At sunrise the three brothers set out on the bear trail. They said they would never return, never rest, until their arrows had found the heart of the great bear.

For many days they followed the track of the monster, through the forest and on up the steep mountain sides far to the north. It grew very cold, and often the bear trail was lost in the blinding snow. But on and on they climbed; they would not give up the chase.

Sometimes the shadow of the great bear was seen on the snow but a few bow shots ahead, but before they could get within arrow flight it had disappeared. All the bear trees along the trail were searched, but no bear was to be found.

So sure, however, were these three brothers that they would soon overtake the bear that they began to prepare for it. The oldest brother took all the arrows. He was to lead the attack and shoot the game. The second brother found a kettle where once a camp had been. He said he would carry it along to cook the game in. The youngest brother gathered an armful of sticks with which to light the fire when they were ready to cook the bear. So on and on went the three brothers, the first carrying the bow and arrows, the second, the kettle, and the third, the firesticks.

Farther and farther over the snowy mountain trails went the brave, persistent hunters. At last they drew near the jumping-off place of the world—the place where the earth and sky meet. It was there for the first time that they saw the bear. At last he

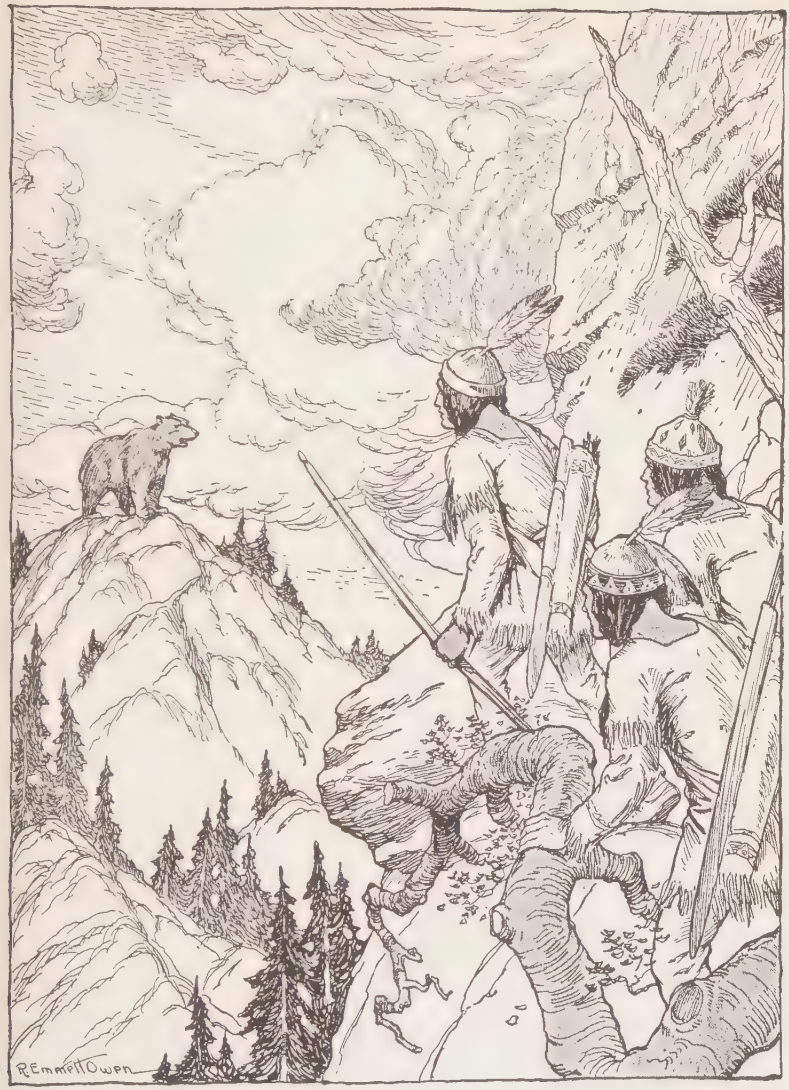
stood before them. In the light of the setting sun his huge body was boldly outlined against the sky.

The first hunter drew his bow, and as the arrow left the bowstring, the bear made a quick turn and ran up the Great Sky Trail. Through valleys of mist and over mountains of snow-white clouds now sped this wonderful sky bear. The hunters leaped over the edge of the world and followed. They, too, had found the Great Sky Trail. "If we cannot get him on earth," they said, "we will chase him through the sky world until we have kettle of bear meat."

Once an arrow almost pierced the bear's heart, but a cloud passed between, and the arrow fell to earth. The tireless hunters, however, would not give up the chase. On and on, over the Great Sky Trail of the north, they ran in pursuit of the bear.

They still continue to pursue him. Moons have come and moons have gone, centuries have passed, and still the bear chase is on. The hunters have not yet found the heart of the bear to take to the people. They will chase him until they do.

In the spring when the dogwood flowers, the Indians point to the great dipper in the north. In the bowl of the dipper they see the bear, in the handle, the three hunters. "Now hunters start after bear," they say; "when leaves turn red and yellow, they think they get him."



"At last he stood before them"

The spring passes. All summer the bear circles slowly—as bears are wont—through the north sky with the hunters in pursuit. Just before the leaves fall, the chase becomes very close. The hunters press hard upon the bear. Finding himself at bay, the bear rises and turns upon his pursuers. An eager arrow from the bow of the first hunter finds the heart of the great bear. He rolls over on his back in the sky, and his red blood drips to earth and stains some leaves red.

The heat of the chase has caused the fat of the bear to melt. This oil drips down and the leaves of other trees become covered with a yellow wax-like grease. This is why leaves turn red and yellow in the fall, the Indian says.

At last the hunters seem to have their game. But, no, the bear soon rises and disappears into a great sky den. There through the long winter moons he sleeps, gathering fresh strength and new life.

In the spring the first rays of the sun awaken him. Again he comes forth from the sky den. The hunters wandering through the sky trails again find his tracks. Again they take to the great bear trail. Again the chase is on.

It will be on till the stars fall and the moon drops out of the sky, so say the Indians.

HOW THE HERON CLAN SONG CAME

The river birds were not always good friends. Sometimes they quarreled.

One day a snipe started out along a river bank looking for trouble. He had not to travel far, for he soon met a kingfisher and began to rail at him, and make fun of the crest of feathers which he was wearing on his head.

"Hi, there, friend fisher," said he, "it's too hot to wear a war-bonnet: take it off! Why do you wear that bunch of feathers on your head? Possibly because there is so little in it!"

The kingfisher resented this. He rattled out a few kingfisher words in reply, raised his proud crest still higher, and flew to the limb of a willow tree near.

"I am chief of the water birds," said he. "I am

king of the river. The war-bonnet I wear is the symbol of my power. The kingfisher is great. He is strong. He can live anywhere."

"Why then is the kingfisher chief never seen in the southland, where the other birds dwell in winter?" asked the snipe scornfully.

"The kingfisher is not afraid of North Wind when he comes and drives the other birds to the southland. He is not afraid when the river grows white and still. When North Wind laughs and shrieks, 'How now can the kingfisher live?' the kingfisher answers, 'He is not afraid, there is plenty of food.' Then the kingfisher leaves his warm lodge in the bank, and goes to the springs which North Wind cannot lock up. There he dives and gets all the fish he needs as they pass by."

The snipe gave the chief of the river birds a second look. He seemed every inch a king as he sat there with his crest high. The snipe concluded he would move on. He did not think it best to quarrel with a bird that was not afraid of North Wind.

The snipe ran on down the river bank until he came upon a heron hiding in the reeds and sedges.

"Hi, friend heron!" he called. "What are you hiding for in the bushes? Come out in the open."

"I do not wish to come out in the open; I do not wish to be seen," said the heron. "You see I am not

much of a bird; I'm mostly neck and legs," and as he said this the heron's head and neck dropped low.

"Here is a bird with whom it is safe to quarrel," thought the snipe, so he spoke up boldly, "Oh, that is not the reason why you keep under cover You are afraid; your tribe is weak! There are few heron people left."

At this the heron raised his head so high there seemed no end to his neck. "Very well," he replied; "we will see which tribe is the larger, the snipe or the heron. We will see whose people are the stronger."

Each then agreed to call a council of his tribe, and at sunrise to fly past Pigeon Town. The pigeons had a settlement of their own on a hill near. The snipe and his tribe were to fly by, then the heron and his people. It was agreed that the pigeons should decide which tribe was greater.

"The sky will be black with snipes. You will not see the sun for them," boasted the snipe as he flew away to summon his people.

The heron did not speak.

At sunrise a great flapping of wings was heard on the river. From far and near the snipe people had come, and they were many.

"Koo koo koo koo koo koo," came the snipe cry, and with quick nervous flight they flew past Pigeon

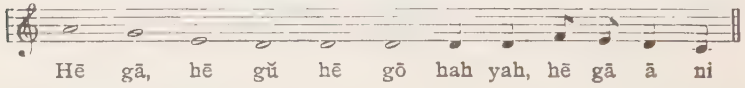
Town. The pigeons sat in council in their great tree and watched them go by.

Then like a great blue cloud, the heron tribe rose from among the reeds and sedges. With necks drawn in, legs stretched far behind, they beat the air with their great wings in strong, calm, even strokes, for they knew their power. So many herons were there, the sun was dimmed as they passed.

The snipes did not wait to hear the decision of the Pigeon Council, but flew far down the river. It was quite evident which tribe was the greater.

The herons flew back to the river and held a meeting of their clans among the tall grasses and reeds. As the council of the clan ended, the herons sang, "He ga, he gi he go hah yah, he ga a ni." This means "Everybody's with us."

Ever since, the heron clan of the Iroquois have used this song as their clan song, and they call it the "Heron clan song." When they sing it, they feel they are stronger. But perhaps you did not know that the Iroquois people were divided into clans, and that there were eight of them, the Wolf, the Turtle, Beaver and Deer, also the Snipe, Hawk, Heron and Bear.



HOW AN INDIAN FOUND HIS GAME

Once a long, long time ago, an Indian went out hunting. It was in those days when the white man first came to this country. All day the Indian followed the track of a deer. As the sun dropped low he came upon his game. "Twang!" and an arrow flew through the air! It found the heart of the beautiful deer, and the swift runner of the forest fell.

The Indian threw the deer over his broad shoulders and started on the home trail. He was tired and thought he would sleep a little, so he hung the deer on a tree near his lodge. "Until the sun is high, I will sleep," said he, "then I will rise and prepare the deer for a feast."

He lay down on a bed of pine boughs within his lodge, and drew a soft deerskin over him. Soon he was sleeping and dreaming of the great feast he would give to his friends the next night.

When he awoke, the sun was low. At once he rose and ran to the tree where he had hung the deer. No deer was to be seen.

Indians have seeing eyes. This Indian was not unlike his Red brothers. From the time when he was strapped to the little papoose board and rode on his mother's back he had been trained to see things. Nothing escaped those sharp black eyes. So now these keen eyes sought the tree and the ground under neath. One look was enough. There the whole deer story was written large to the Indian, and his seeing eyes could read it.

The next instant the Indian was off on the trail to a white man's camp down the river. Some white men were sitting about the fire as the Indian drew near. He told them he had lost a deer; he said that a white man had taken it, and that he had come for it.

He looked at the group around the fire. "Man not here!" he exclaimed. "He is old man, short not tall. He had gun and little dog with short tail." "Well," yawned a white man, "if you saw the man, why did you not go after him and get your deer?"

To the surprise of all, the Indian said he did not

see the man, that he was sleeping in the lodge when the deer was taken.

"Then how do you know that the man who took your deer was a white man?" cried the men.

"Indian walk so," replied the Indian, pointing his toes straight ahead. "White man walk so," pointing his toes out. "These white man's tracks."

"But how do you know this white man was old?" they questioned.

"Young man take long step, tracks far apart. Old man take short step, tracks close together," came the quick reply. "These tracks close."

"How do you know this old white man was short not tall?" again questioned the white man.

"Indian show white man mark on tree where deer hang where man lean his gun," said the Red Man.

"But how do you know that this short, old, white man with a gun, who stole your deer, had a little dog with a short tail? Tell us that if you can."

A flash of fire shot into the Indian's eyes, but not a muscle of his face moved as he replied, "Indian see place where little dog sit and watch man take deer down. Little dog have light heart, he think he get something good to eat, he wag tail fast. It leave mark on ground. Mark close to where little dog sit. Indian know little dog have short tail."

Just then there was a crackling of twigs and

branches and a man came out of the woods and approached the fire. He was white. He was old and short. He carried a gun on his shoulder, and close at his heels followed a little dog wagging cheerfully a bobbed tail.

The Indian pointed quickly to the stranger. "He, the man!" he said in a low voice.

"Yes," said the men seated about the fire, "he is the man. He took the deer and he shall return it. A man who can track a deer, both dead and alive, is entitled to his game."

Then, turning to the old white man, they told him to bring the deer, saying, "Next time you are hungry for deer meat, be sure the trail does not end in a tree near a wigwam where there lives a man with seeing eyes."

HOW THE ARROW BECAME WINGED

The robin has ever been the friend of man. Long before men built great houses and barns, ploughed the fields and planted orchards, this little bird lived near the Red children and was their friend.

At sunrise his cheery call would waken Indian boys and girls from their sleep. "The sun is up, is up, get up, get up!" he would chirp from the tree-top near their lodge.

Then many little black eyes would fly open, many strong, lithe little bodies would leap from under their blankets. A glad cry would ring through the forest and there would be a dash for the nearest stream.

After the morning dip, the children would return to the lodge. Seated about the fire, each would eat from his wooden bowl of the hominy the good mother had been cooking in the great kettle over the fire. How good it tasted and how happy they were!

The morning meal over, the children would start for school, just as the children of today. But no loud-voiced clamoring bell called Indian boys and girls to their tasks. No slow, loitering, heavy feet were seen on those school trails, only light, happy, dancing feet, for Indian boys and girls went to school in the woods.

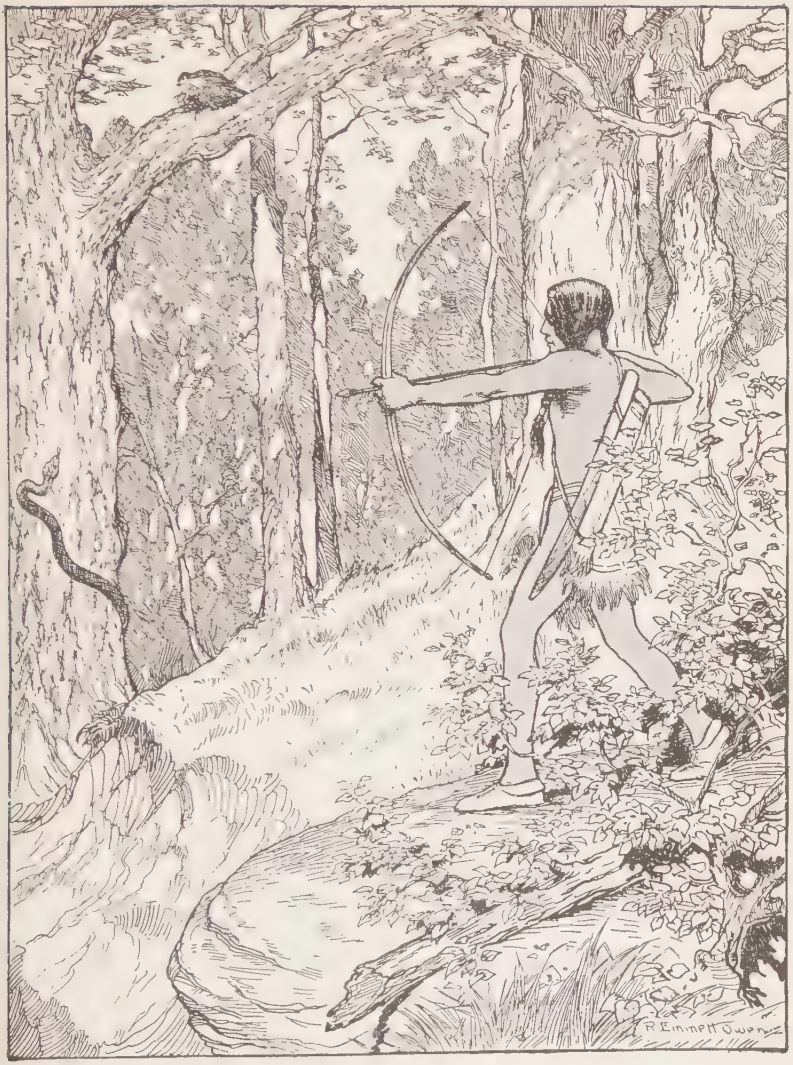
The great out-of-doors was their school. And whoever saw a boy or girl who was not glad to be sent out of doors?

What wonderful things were learned in that Wood school! And how these boys and girls loved their teachers! Do you know who their teachers were? The Tree, Flower and Plant People, the Bird and Animal People.

Never did a boy or girl return from this school to his or her lodge without having learned something of value. After the evening meal, when all were seated about the burning logs, each would tell what he or she had learned that day in the Wood school.

One morning, a very, very long time ago, a little Indian boy started for this school in the woods. He was called Two Arrows. Two Arrows did not carry a slate and pencil, or a book and pad. His school-bag was an arrow quiver made of deerskin and in it were a bow and two arrows.

Two Arrows' grandfather was the best arrow-maker of the tribe. He taught the hunters how to make arrows. The night before he had shown little Two Arrows how to make two kinds of arrows. One was made of light wood and was pointed sharp, so it could travel swift and sure. The wood of the other arrow was more tough and heavy; it could not be sent so far or so swiftly.



"Two Arrows saw the peril"

Two Arrows had not been at school long before he heard his little brother, the robin, calling loudly for help. At once he picked up his bow and arrows and ran in the direction of the call. Mother Robin was much alarmed. Father Robin had gone for food for the robin children. She was about to follow, when she saw a large snake crawling slowly up the tree-trunk of the maple where the robin family had built their lodge.

Instantly Two Arrows saw the peril of the robin children. He drew his bow and sent his light, swift arrow straight into the head of the snake. It dropped to the ground. That snake would never again lay plans for a robin breakfast.

Mother Robin's heart was so glad, she flew down and stood before Two Arrows that she might thank him. "Chirp, chirp, chirp!" went the robin. "You saved my family. I thank you, I thank you, I thank you!"

Then Mother Robin plucked some of the feathers from her wings and breast, and hopped over to where the two arrows were lying on the ground. With long grasses she quickly bound them to the boy's arrows

"You have a kind heart," she said. "That your arrows may always be light and fly swiftly, I wing them for you with my feathers. Now every arrow that leaves your bow shall fly swift and sure as a bird

to the heart of the enemy. Use them only to protect the young and weak and you shall be called not Two Arrows, but Winged Arrow, because your arrows shall fly as birds, and the lives of many helpless ones shall be saved by you."

With this the robin flew back to her lodge in the maple tree to quiet her children.

Two Arrows picked up his arrows, now winged with feathers, and started on the home trail. His heart was light, for had he not saved the lives of five little brothers of the wood, and earned a new name?

It was a big lesson the little Indian learned in the wood that morning. He never forgot it.

When Two Arrows had grown tall and was a man, on near and far trails he was known as Winged Arrow—the one whose arrows fly like birds. Winged Arrow was also known as a wise and kind chief who let his arrows fly only at those who were the enemies of the young and weak.

Since the time of Winged Arrow, the Indians have tipped their arrows with feathers.

HOW A CRAB LEARNED THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS

Once a selfish crab caused much trouble in a stream. He seemed to think one channel belonged to him alone and that no one had a right even to pass through it but himself. If one of the other Water People swam near his lodge, he would seize and pinch him. So hard did this crab pinch, few dared to pass his home.

The water trail on which the crab lived was the one the Stream People most loved. They did not like to be forced to take a round-about trail to go down river, nor did they enjoy being pinched if they swam that way.

So one day the Stream People called a council to decide what should be done with the crab. A hawk attended the council. He offered to free the people from this annoying crab. He said the crab should pinch them no more.

That very day when the sun was high the hawk was sailing over the river and his sharp eyes spied the crab lying in the clear water. The hawk quietly swooped down, lifted the crab from the stream, and carried him far back into a deep wood.

The crab was very lonely and sad in the wood, so far from his home. For a time he cried aloud. He thought he should never again see that singing river. However, next morning he took courage and set out to find his home.

The first trail he took led him to an oak. When he came near the great oak, he asked, "Who are you? What kind of tree may you be?"

"I am a red oak," answered the tree.

The crab's eyes filled with tears. He knew he was far from home, for oaks do not live on river trails.

For some time he traveled on. He did not know where he was, but he hoped he was on the home trail. After a time he came to a tall, straight, strong tree that was singing softly. "What kind of tree are you?" again asked the crab.

The tree finished his low song with the wind before

he answered; then he spoke. "I am the pine, the guide of the forest. My head is in the sky. I point the way to men."

"Oh, show me the trail to my home, the river," begged the crab, for he was very sad. He knew the Pine People lived far from his home, the singing river.

The sun was low when the crab again stopped and inquired of another tree to what tribe he belonged. "Butternut," the tree said quickly, throwing one of his nuts at the crab. The crab laughed aloud. He knew he was nearing home, and he went on with a light heart. Not many rabbit jumps on, he came to some friendly looking trees. They bowed low and asked him to stop and rest awhile.

"To what tribe do you belong, my friends?" asked the crab.

"We are of the Willow tribe," they replied.

The crab now leaped into the air and danced for joy. At last he had found his home! The singing river was near, he could hear it now. Soon he was once more in the clear stream, with the River People.

But the crab was so happy and grateful to get back to his home that ever after he was willing that all the Water People should share it with him.

WHY SUNSHINE FOLLOWS RAIN

"Oh, see the man in the moon!" the Paleface children cry as the beautiful round ball of light appears in the sky. But never will an Indian child point out to you "the man in the moon."

The Red children know better. They know it is a "woman" that lives in the moon, not a "man." With voices soft and low with wonder they say, "See, Soika-gaakwa gives us light! She is our grandmother. She has built the fire now. On the far sky trail she lives, far from the Red children

"Always Soika-gaakwa keeps the big fire burning. Night after night she lights the fire and hangs a kettle of hominy over it. Many Red children sit about the fire watching her stir the hominy. They are waiting for their evening meal. But Soika-gaakwa tells them

the hominy is not done yet. They must wait till Grandfather Heno returns, then they will eat," and again the good, kind grandmother will make the fire bright and stir the hominy.

"Heno, our grandfather, is the Thunderer," say the Red children. "Always he has much work to do. He cannot sit by the fire with grandmother. He is very busy bringing water to the earth, making all green things to grow.

"Only one chief in the sky is more powerful than Heno. He is Sunshine, O dan gode. Sunshine lives in the sun. He is the greatest of the chiefs. When he speaks, all others listen.

"Sunshine watches Heno at his work. When he thinks that part of the earth where Heno is working has had enough water, he comes out and sends him to another place. Then Heno with his loud voice will call the Rain People and they will come and water another part of the earth. The growing things will lift their heads and smile. Then Sunshine will again come from his lodge in the sun and send Heno on.

"From the place where the sun comes up, to the edge of the far west world, Heno is sent by Sunshine. Soon he thinks he will finish his work and sit by the fire with grandmother. But as soon as the work is done in one place, Sunshine, the great sky chief, sends him to another, for always Mother Earth is thirsty.

"Many, many moons grandmother has kept the fire burning and the kettle of hominy boiling for Grandfather Heno. The Red children who have gone on the far trail wait with her. Many, many moons more must they wait. We shall see them there in the moon as long as the sun shines and the waters run, for Grandfather Heno cannot leave his work as long as the earth endures."

HOW THE TURTLE WON THE RACE

The Animal People, like their brothers, have their sports and games. They also sometimes play tricks on one another. One of their favorite sports is a challenge of speed, strength and endurance. Then all the Wood People will be called to witness the race and see that there is fair play. Sometimes one of the Animal People will get a big head and will boast in a loud voice of his great strength and speed. Then one of his little brothers will quietly challenge him and plan to outwit him. His head must not continue to grow large, for it might burst.

A fox was lying under a tree by a singing river. A turtle was slowly climbing up the bank. "Hi, hi, Slow One!" called the fox. "Hurry up! Why do you carry your house on your back? No one wants it. Leave your wigwam at home when you take a walk,

then you may learn to run like me. The fox is swift of foot. He can outrun any animal. He can outdistance the arrow. When he runs, even the earth falls behind."

By this time the turtle had reached the top of the river bank. He walked silently over to where the fox was lying, raised his head and spoke. "Friend Fox, you call me Slow One. The Slow One challenges the Fast One to race. He will reach any goal you name, first. He will win the race."

At this the fox laughed outright. What, a turtle with his lodge on his back outrun the fox, swift of foot and most cunning of all animals!

But the turtle would not be laughed to scorn. Again he challenged the fox to race.

"Very well," said the fox, rising to his feet; "the Fast One will show the Slow One how he can run, if he must, but he will be half-way to the goal before the turtle starts. What shall the goal be? How far shall we run?"

A rock far down the river was named as the goal.

Then the fox gave his beautiful tail a proud whisk, whirled round for a start, and the next moment was off. "Come on!" he called scornfully to the turtle.

"I'm coming," said the turtle cheerfully, as he caught the waving brush of the fox and snapped onto it—for he was a wise old snapping-turtle.

The fox was so eager to get off he did not feel the turtle snap his tail. His head was so full of himself and the wonderful race he was running, nothing else could get into it. His tail was heavy with pride. Never had a fox made such a run before. He would show the turtle what a race was. Every muscle was tense with the strain; he thought only of the goal. Suddenly the goal came in sight. A few leaps more and he would reach it. The race was his.

For the first time the fox wondered where the turtle was. Was he near? He would stop and see, the goal was just ahead. He whirled suddenly about to see if he could see the turtle. The turtle received such a sudden and unexpected swing, he lost his hold on the fox's tail and was thrown some distance ahead, and landed on the rock that had been named as the goal.

"Hi, hi, you Slow One!" called the fox in a big voice. "Hurry up back there! Show your face! Are you coming? Let me see you."

To the great surprise of the fox, the turtle's voice was heard coming not from behind, but from ahead of him. "I'm here. Look at me if you will. Did I not say the turtle would win?"

And sure enough, there on the rock sat the Slow One with his head thrust boldly out his lodge door.

"His tail was heavy with pride"

The fox sprang upon him in anger and would have snapped off the snapping-turtle's head, had he not quickly withdrawn it into his lodge.

Then and there, on that rock, the fox learned why turtles carry their houses with them on their backs.

HOW A TURTLE OUTWITTED A WOLF

The turtle folk are very wise people. They are slow to speak and act, but they think much. Ever since the world was made they have carried its weight, its wisdom and its secrets. To this family was given the power of upholding the world. This is why they move so slowly. They do not wish to upset the world. Often they withdraw to the quiet of their lodge to think on the secrets they have learned. This has made them quickwitted, if not swiftfooted. Therefore it is not strange that the turtle should be the first to think of the relay race, and this is how it happened, the Indians say.

One day a turtle was floating along in the swift current of a deep river. A wolf was running on the bank. He noticed the turtle was going pretty fast, so he proposed a race.

"All right," said the turtle. "I will wager my life that I will win."

"Done!" said the wolf. "I will wager mine."

They then agreed upon the distance to be run. It was to be an all-day race, and two suns were to rise before it should be begun.

But the turtle was impatient to be off. He could not wait two suns. He knew there was no time to

lose, if he were to win, so that very day he started. He swam a little way and saw a brother turtle sunning on a rock. "Hi there, friend!" said the turtle. "I'm running a race with a wolf. In two suns he will start. When you see him coming, put your head out of the water and call, 'Hurry up, I'm winning!' Then you go under and sit down till he passes."

The brother turtle promised he would do this, and the racing turtle swam on. Some distance on he met another turtle. "Hi there, friend!" said he. "I'm running a race with a wolf. In two suns he will start. When you see him coming, put your head out of the river and call, 'Hurry up, I'm ahead!' then go under and sit down!"

This turtle also promised, and the racing turtle paddled on. Still farther, another turtle was seen. "Hi, friend," said the racing turtle, "listen to me. I'm running a race with a wolf. When two suns have risen, you will see him coming back there. Put your head out of the water and call, 'You're the slow one, I'm the winner!' and go under and keep still till he gets by."

Two more turtles the racing turtle passed, lying on the warm sand of the river. To each he gave the same instruction, then paddled down stream.

The sun was getting low as he met the last turtle. "Hi, friend turtle," said he. "I'm running a race with

a wolf. In two suns you will see him. When he comes round that curve back there, put your head out and call, 'Hurry up, I'm still ahead and the goal is just around the curve.' Then go under and keep still." This the last turtle said he would do, and the racing turtle swam on round the bend of the river.

A few bow shots ahead, he came upon the goal. He paddled up and anchored his house to a great stone. Two suns he rested, for he was very tired. It is hard work to paddle your own house from sunrise to sunset.

True to his word, when the second sun rose the wolf appeared at the place named for the start. From the bank he called to the turtle, "Where are you? I'm off!" Up bobbed a turtle's head. "All right, hurry up, I'm ahead!" it said. Then the head dropped out of sight.

The wolf started to run faster. "Next time you speak, friend turtle," he thought, "your voice will be far behind me." The wolf ran some distance. He was thinking how far ahead of the turtle he now must be when again a turtle's head bobbed up a short distance ahead. "Hi there, friend wolf," came the turtle's voice, "hurry up, I'm winning!" and before the wolf could reply, the head had disappeared.

The wolf now began to run in earnest. "Next time the turtle shows his face, I'll not be behind," he said

to himself. He was running fast and the sun was high when next a turtle's voice was heard on the river. This time these words floated back to him, "Hurry up, you're the slow one, I'm the winner!" and some distance ahead the water splashed as the turtle went under.

The wolf knew now that it was a race for life and he went to it. On and on he ran. Nothing was heard but the crackling of brush and leaves as he leaped along. Then the silence was twice broken by turtles' voices calling, "Hurry up!"

The wolf ran like mad. His eyes were bloodshot, foam dropped from his mouth as he saw a turtle's head rise again a few leaps ahead, and heard a calm voice say, "Hurry up, friend wolf, or you will lose your life. The goal is just around this bend in the river."

The wolf plunged madly on. His legs were weakening under him, and he panted for breath. He ran around the curve, and there on the goal stone lay the turtle.

The next moment the wolf was at the turtle's feet begging for his life. The turtle thought upon the matter some time, for turtles are slow, then looking very wise and knowing, he said, "The wolf shall live. He shall return to his people. But ever after, let him remember that slow people sometimes have quick wits, and there is more than one way to win a race."

WHY THE TEST DID NOT COME OFF

A long time ago when the Six Nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras—were strong and great, six of the animals who thought themselves very strong and brave said they would have a test of strength and courage in the name of the Six Nations. Each animal said he would represent a nation. It was also agreed that there should be three nations on each side.

The bobcat, the dog, and the fox took one side. The bear, the porcupine, and the wolf lined up on the other. It was agreed to meet under a tall pine tree

and see which of the three nations was the stronger.

When the time set for the test came, the bear and the animals on his side arrived first. Not seeing any of the other side present, the bear climbed the tall pine to see if they were coming.

He soon saw the cat approaching The cat carried his tail over his shoulder in such a way that it looked like a white man's gun. The bear then called down to the porcupine and wolf that the bobcat was coming with a white man's gun on his shoulder.

At this the wolf ran, and the porcupine hid himself in the thick leaves on the ground. The bear remained in the tree.

Soon the bobcat came, with the dog and fox following.

The bobcat could see no one about, so he thought the animals on the other side had not yet arrived. He noticed, however, that every once in a while the leaves on the ground near where he sat moved in a strange manner. Thinking he might get some good game while he waited, he sprang into them. A porcupine sprang out, throwing his quills in the face of the cat.

This so frightened the cat he ran madly up the pine tree. The bear was so startled by the wild rush of the cat, he came tumbling down. The dog and the fox saw something falling, and they took to their

heels. Then the bear rolled over and saw the porcupine running wildly down the trail, throwing his quills in all directions. The bear picked himself up quickly and ran in an opposite direction. Up in the tree, the cat saw all the animals were madly running from something, so he too sprang from the tree and began to run for his life.

The test of strength and courage never came off. Instead, the six brave contestants were running wildly from one another through the forest for their very lives—they thought.

The wise old pine, who was never known to run away from anything, laughed softly that night as he whispered the story to the South Wind.

"Fear is a powerful chieftain," he murmured in his low, calm voice; "he makes one to run from his friends; yes, even from himself."

HOW THE DANCING STARS GOT INTO THE SKY

In the sky there is a group of stars that ever twinkle and dance. They are called the Pleiades, or Dancing Stars.

For ages people have wondered how these twinkling dancing stars came to be. Many stories have been told of the mystery and wonder of their misty quivering light.

The Indians, too, wondered at them as they sat by their fires near the lodge doors and watched their star brothers dance in and out the world.

This is the story they tell of the dancing stars.

First, however, you must know that the Indians several times each year hold thanksgiving feasts and dances to give thanks to the Great Spirit for all the good gifts he has given the Red children.

Before the white man came, these ceremonies were held in the woods around a fire. Children did not attend these ceremonies in those days.

It was very, very long ago, when these ceremonies were being observed, the Indians say, that this strange thing happened.

The older people had gone to one of these thanksgiving ceremonies and had left the children in the lodges. After a time the larger boys tired of playing and called a council. Each said he would like very much to see what was done at these ceremonies. At this one of the boys suggested that a scouting party be formed. All agreed to the plan, and this boy was made chief of the party.

He led them to a deep part of the wood where they could see the people and watch the ceremonies, but could not be seen.

The ceremony began. The head faithkeeper rose and threw the tobacco on the fire. As the smoke rose and lifted his words to the Great Spirit, he gave thanks to the sun, their brother, that he had given them light and warmth by day; to the moon, their

grandmother, that she had lighted for them the night; to the earth, their mother, that she had given them the trees, plants, flowers, fruits, grains, birds, animals and fish for their living.

There was much speaking, much giving of thanks and praise by the people, then all would dance. After they had danced some time, there was a feast.

The boys watched and listened well, for they had seeing eyes and hearing ears. Then they stole back to the settlement.

Another council was held. They decided at this council that if they could not attend and take part in so beautiful a ceremony, they would hold one themselves.

Next morning at sunrise, they were up and running through the woods in search of a place to hold their feast and dance. The trail they followed led them to a high hill. An open place on the top of this hill was just the place for a ceremony. Here they agreed to meet when the blanket of night should have fallen, and to hold their ceremonial dance and feast.

One boy was appointed to bring hominy, another meat, and another to secure the kettle in which to boil the hominy and meat.

That day as the sun was setting, the boy who was to bring the hominy said to his mother, "Please give me some hominy to cook." "There is enough already

cooked," was the answer he received. The boy who was to bring meat was also unable to get it; and the kettle was refused to the other boy by his mother. So no food, nor kettle in which to cook it, was carried to the hilltop that night.

However, as soon as the older people were asleep, the boys stole from the lodges and found the hilltop trail. The chief was there and had the fire burning. All were disappointed to hear there was no food for the feast, but the chief said they would have the ceremony without it.

Throwing the tobacco on the fire as he had seen the faithkeeper do, the young chief began to give thanks for the sun, moon, stars, plants, trees, fruits, fishes, birds, beasts, just as he had heard the real chief. Then one of the boys began to beat the tom-tom—the little water drum—and all began to dance.

Round and round and round the fire went the dancers. After a time the chief said, "There is no feast, so we will have more dance."

The chief sang louder, the drum beat faster and the feet of the dancing boys now scarcely touched the ground. Faster and faster whirled the dancing figures about the fire. Soon their feet left the earth and they were dancing skyward. On and on, higher and higher, swirled those dancing figures.

As the dancing party left the earth, the mother of

the boy who had asked for the hominy awoke. She saw her boy was not asleep in the lodge. Not finding him outside, she went to the next lodge to see if he were there.

The mother of that lodge called to her son to know if he had seen his friend. Receiving no answer, she went and found that her son was not wrapped in his blanket.

The two mothers went outside the lodge and listened. Far away, voices in song were heard. The other lodges were then awakened. Boys were missing in many. The people, now alarmed, began to search for the lost boys. They followed the voices until they came to the hill. There they saw their children dancing in wild glee about a fire that was ever rising higher and higher in the air. Their faces and forms were plainly seen in the firelight as they danced skyward.

The parents shouted and called to the children, begging them to return. Only one seemed to hear and looked back. The rest continued to look up and dance on into the sky.

The chief, hearing his mother's voice, looked back. At once he fell to earth and disappeared in the ground.

With sad hearts the people stood and watched the

children dance their way skyward. Then a voice was heard speaking:

"We are now on an endless journey of dance and song. In summer we will journey toward the setting sun by way of the south. In the winter you will see us coming by way of the north toward the rising sun. When we are over the place from which we started, observe the ceremonies."

Faster and faster the dancers whirled until they seemed but a ring of flame. Higher and higher they rose, until the ring became but a small circle of light. With straining eyes the people still kept watch, until the circle broke into many twinkling, dancing stars that took their places among the other Star People.

Ever since, when these stars are at a certain place in their dance through the sky, the Indians observe the Midwinter Thanksgiving Ceremony, or New Year's Dance. This always happens when the midwinter, or Nisgo waugneh, moon is in the sky.

All winter the mother of the boy chief who fell to earth, mourned for her son. Often she went to the spot where he had fallen. In the spring a tiny green shoot sprang from the place. Years passed and it became a beautiful pine tree. Osoah, the people called it.

But few of the old people were living when one day

the bark of the pine tree became bruised and red blood poured from the wound. When these old people saw it, they knew the pine tree was once the young boy chief who had fallen to earth when the dancers had danced their way into the sky world.

As they looked upon it, the blood began to pale and grow white. Then the spirit of the pine, of the boy chieftain, spoke to them in soft, low tones.

"Take my blood and use it for the people. It will heal their hurts and cure their diseases. It will help them to make sure and swift their canoes and to do many things. I am Osoah, the guide of the forest children. My topmost branches point the way to men —point east and west. Use me, my bark, my wood, my leaves, my blood for the good of the people. Let them, like me, grow tall and strong, in summer and winter be ever the same. Let them, like me, ever reach up, up, up."

Saying this, the pine stretched his arms high toward the sky and sighed. He remembered his dancing friends, and longed to be with them in the sky world. This is why the pine tree grows so tall and straight today. He ever seeks the sun—and sighs for his brothers in the star world.

WHY THE DOG HANGS OUT HIS TONGUE

A hunter went far into a forest for game. He was alone on the hunting trail, save for his dog. None of his tribesmen went with him, but the hunter did not feel lonely, for his dog was ever by his side and they talked much. Each understood the other.

Never had the hunter found a friend more true and helpful. Often the dog told him wonderful secrets of the wood and animal people. This would help him to secure his game more easily, for the dog heard and saw many things which the hunter did not.

At night the dog would stretch himself by the campfire and sleep with one eye and ear open while the hunter took his rest. The hunter trusted his dog. With his faithful friend beside him, he knew no harm would come to him while he slept.

Several days the hunter and his dog had been in camp when one night the dog scented trouble. He wakened the sleeping hunter and told him he must leave the camp at once. "Run for your life!" said the dog. "Ganosquah, the great stone giant of the forest, is coming!"

The hunter had heard of this giant whose trail

could be traced by the uprooted trees that lay in his path. He had seen his giant footprints in the rocks, and had been told how with his great hands he could scoop up the waters of a river, turn it from his course and cross on dry land. He knew that no one could meet the giant and live, so he said, "I will go."

"Stay," said the dog; "let me first lick your feet so you can run fast and on a long trail."

"Will you not run with me?" asked the man.

"No," replied the dog. "As your friend I must stay behind and protect you. I will hold the giant back and keep him from overtaking you. Now run for your life."

The man obeyed. All day he ran. By night his feet had become so tired and sore he stopped a few moments to ease them. Hardly had he sat down to rest before the dog appeared and again licked his feet. At once the feet of the man were no longer tired and heavy, but light and eager to be off again.

Still another day the man ran, and again at night the dog came and licked his friend's feet and encouraged him. He told him of what had happened and how he was driving back the great giant.

"Before the sun again sets," said the dog, "Ganosquah will have been driven from the forest."

The man ran on, and the dog turned back to meet his enemy.

"'Will you not run with me?' asked the man"

The next night the dog did not come as the man expected. He waited some time for him. At last he came, but he seemed very tired and his tongue hung from his mouth.

The man asked his friend what had happened, but the dog could not tell him. He had lost his speech.

Then the hunter knew that when the dog had driven Ganosquah from the forest, the great hunter had turned on him and taken his speech from him. He had done this because the dog had been a friend to man, had warned him of the coming of the giant, and had told him other secrets.

Since that time dogs have not been able to run as fast, and when they do run and get tired they hang out their tongues; and since then dogs have been unable to talk to men and to tell them the wonderful secrets which they know. But they still keep watch over man and bark loudly if they hear or see a stranger coming. They think it may be that old enemy of his, Ganosquah, the stone giant.

HOW STRONGHEART WON HIS MATE

Two boys who were great friends went into a wood one day. As they ran along one of the trails, a strange sad cry came from a tree nearby. Indian boys have seeing eyes and hearing ears. They also have time to stop and look into things, so these boys left the trail and followed the sound until they came to the tree from which it came. There, high on a great limb, sat a beautiful white owl.

"Oh, come on," said the larger boy. "It is only O o wah. I told you it was only an owl crying."

The boys made their way back to the trail, and soon the swift feet of the impatient one had carried him far down the trail. His friend followed slowly. He could not forget that strange sad voice that seemed to be

ever calling him. After a little he turned back, determined to answer the call. He found the tree. The owl was still there, so the boy sat down and talked with the bird.

The owl was very happy to have the boy return, for she knew that she had found a friend. She asked him to take her home with him. This he did, and many happy days the friends spent together in the boy's lodge, for each understood the language of the other and they talked of many things.

One day the owl told her boy friend that she was not a bird at all, but a human being. Twelve moons before she had been a happy Indian girl. Then one day in the forest she had met a woman with strange power. When this woman saw fear in the hearts of those she met, she would use her bad medicine on them. At sight of the old woman, the heart of the Indian girl stopped beating. All the fears she had ever known entered the lodge of her mind. They seized her breath, and her blood grew white and cold. She tried to run from the woman but her feet refused to go.

When she came to herself it was night. All was very dark and still. She was afraid and again tried to run, but instead of running she went flying from tree to tree. She had become a bird, a beautiful white owl.

For twelve moons she had been flying through the dark. Twelve moons she had been journeying through strange forests until now she had no fear. Twelve moons she had been searching for the one who was to release her from the power of the old woman. Twelve moons she had been calling from tree tops, "Whoo whoo! Whoo whoo! Whoo will do it?" but no one heard her cry until the day her good friend passed by on the trail.

"The heart of my friend is brave and true," said the beautiful bird in a soft voice. "It is filled with love for all creatures; there is no fear in it. He alone can free me and restore me to my people."

The boy promised he would do all in his power and the owl said that she would show him the way.

At once they determined to find the lodge of the old medicine woman. Before starting on the trail, however, the owl directed the boy to place some of the blossoms of the goldenrod in a bowl of water and leave in the lodge.

At sunset they were off, the owl flying from tree to tree leading the way. All night they journeyed. At sunrise they rested. All day they waited for the sun to make his journey through the sky world, for the owl was not accustomed to his shining face and could not see the trail she was seeking when he was out. As soon as the sun had made his run and had dropped

down to sleep, the boy and the owl were once more on their trail. Another night's travel and they were at the lodge of the medicine woman.

While they had rested the owl had told the boy that everything possible would be done by the old woman to make him forget the purpose for which he had come. "And if you do forget me," she said sadly, "I shall not regain human form. I must ever be an owl."

The boy assured the beautiful bird that he would not forget her. "I am brave and strong and true," he said. "I have no fear; the old woman will have no power over me. I shall not forget you." With these words he entered the lodge of the old woman, and the bird waited near in a tree.

The boy was surprised to find many people within the lodge. They were singing and dancing, playing games and feasting. As he entered all circled about him, and steaming bowls of sweet-smelling soup made from corn and deer meat were brought to him.

At first he refused to eat, neither would he join in the dance. But later when the old woman herself held the bowl to his mouth a little sip passed his lips. At once all thought of the beautiful owl had taken wing and his feet grew light and happy. Soon he was leaping and dancing with the rest. His friend was forgotten.

Several days passed. From sunrise till sunset and again till sunrise there was feasting and dancing. But one night the boy grew weary of it all and stole from the lodge into the night. Once without, under the stars, he again remembered his beautiful owl and began to call to her. But no owl answered from the trees nearby. She too had flown with the thoughts of her. She could not stay near when she was forgotten.

The heart of the boy was very sad. He now recalled what she had told him. "My beautiful friend, I will seek her till I find her. I will not rest till she is free."

At once he plunged into the dark forest. All night he wandered now on this trail, now on that, ever calling, calling. Just as the birds began their whisper songs he thought he heard a weak cry, "Whoo whoo!" The sound came faintly. The boy ran swiftly up a narrow trail to the left and there lying on the ground by a spring was his beautiful owl. She was so weak she could not speak. Water was quickly poured into her mouth and in a few moments her eyes opened.

The boy's heart was filled with pain when he saw how near he had come to losing his friend by forgetting her. Tears fell upon the beautiful white feathers. His grief seemed to bring new strength to the bird. "When you think of me, I am near and strong. When you forget me, I am far and weak," she said. Soon they were off once more for the boy's lodge, the owl

flying from tree to tree, pointing the way as she had done before.

On entering the lodge, the owl told the boy that the medicine woman was following and would soon be at the lodge door. She reminded him of the bowl of water in which were the blossoms of the goldenrod. "Sprinkle the lodge with this water and throw some upon the magic woman as she enters and all will be well," said the bird; then she flew into the shadows of the lodge and perched on a deer horn.

The old woman came. Fire leaped from her eyes and her face was like a storm cloud. She was very angry that the boy had escaped her. She opened her mouth to speak. Some of that wonderful yellow blossom water fell upon her. At once she dropped to the ground, the angry words becoming a hiss and she —a serpent.

"Leave this lodge! Begone! Go far into the forest!" the boy commanded. "There shall you and all your tribe dwell forever, far from the trails of men."

The serpent disappeared and the boy turned to the owl to tell her that he had done as directed. But no words came. Three times he attempted to speak, three times he rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake, for there at his side stood the most beautiful Indian girl he had ever seen.

"Your owl friend has flown, you have set her free. My name is Jahwoundee," the girl added in a voice that was like the laughing waters of a mountain brook. "My father is chief of the people who live near the lake toward the rising sun. Will you now guide me to my people?"

Jahwoundee and her boy friend were soon on their way toward the rising sun. Happy were their hearts and swift were their feet. But the boy found the trail all too short that led to the lodge of Jahwoundee. He wished it might never end.

Glad were the hearts of the people to see again the maiden who was like a flower. A great feast and dance was given in her honor. When the dance had ended, the chief, Jahwoundee's father, placed an eagle's feather in the boy's hair and gave him a new name.

"Strongheart you shall now be called. But for your brave true heart, I would not have seen my daughter again. Always my lodge door shall be open to you. Sit by my fire when you will, ask what you will, and it shall be done."

The boy thanked the chief and set out on his return journey to his people. It was a long trail now that he followed.

Moons passed. The boy became a man. Many eagle's feathers were now in his headdress, for he had

proven himself well. But now his thoughts were not of eagle feathers. Jahwoundee's voice was ever in his ears, and the words he had spoken to the beautiful bird came again and again to his mind. "I will not forget you, I will not forget you," he had said. No, he could not forget her even in that form. Now as a beautiful maiden she was ever with him. "When you think of me I am near," she had said.

At this thought his heart leaped within him. Jahwoundee was calling him again. She was near. He would seek her, he would answer her call

Before many suns had passed the young brave again stood at the door of the chief. It was open The great chief welcomed him and gave him a seat by the fire.

And this time when he left the lodge of the chief, he did not set forth alone. Jahwoundee, his beautiful bird friend was with him. She had consented to return with him to his people and to sit at his wigwam door.

HOW A BIRD TURNED THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

There is a shy little bird that lives deep in the woods. Sometimes he may be seen creeping up and down tree-trunks, and running far out on their outstretched arms. Every once in a while he will slip under one of these friendly arms and come up on the other side As he does this, he will say, "Jee san, jee san, jee san!"

Once a very long time ago, the Indians say, this little bird called together all the birds and asked them to come to a certain great oak tree, when the sun was high, to see the wonderful, wonderful thing that he could do.

So the birds left their lodge building and their little ones and came to the great oak, when the sun was

high, as the little bird had asked. From far and near they came, large and small birds, birds with gay colored feathered suits, and birds with plain brown and gray suits.

The little bird waited until the great oak was filled with birds, then he flew in among them and announced that he would now show them the wonderful, wonderful thing that he could do.

At this the birds stopped their talking and singing and watched to see what this "wonderful, wonderful thing" was which this little bird could do

The little bird flew to the earth and then began to creep, creep slowly up the trunk of the oak. All the birds held their breath as he passed out on to a great limb. When he was far out on the limb, he suddenly slipped under it and came up on the other side.

"Jee san, jee san, jee san!" sang the little bird with a proud flirt of his tail, as he darted under and over, under and over, under and over. This meant, "See, I turn the world upside down!"

At this the birds laughed long and loud. Some whistled, and others called loudly to him. The owl hooted and asked, "Whoo whoo, whoo whoo turned the world upside down? Whoo whoo?" And some mischievous little birds answered, "Tsee tsee! He he! Tsee tsee! He he!"

The other birds then told the little bird that he had not turned the world upside down at all, that he had only turned himself upside down

The little bird was so surprised and so ashamed to be laughed at by all the birds, he crept off into a deep wood. There he has always lived under cover, and there he may still be seen creeping up and down tree-trunks, running under and over limbs, still turning the world upside down.

"Jee san, jee san, jee san!"

HOW THE BUGS OVERCAME THE WORMS

There was once a great battle fought between the bugs and the worms, the Indians say—the Indians call all insects "bugs." It was in the olden times when the worms did not live in the ground, but crawled on the top of the earth in the sun. This life made them much larger and stronger than they are now; but alas! like many of the earth children, they came to know their strength too well. They grew proud and selfish and quarrelsome, and boasted of their great strength and power. They moved about like great chiefs, and measured off the earth as though they owned it. Beautiful plants and flowers were destroyed by them as they passed. They ate up everything under their feet as they crawled about, and boasted in loud voices, "Worm People are great. There shall be only worms on earth."

After a while these worms were not content to make war on the plant people only, their brothers of the earth, they must conquer the winged people of the air—the worms that fly. Sun after sun they had watched these winged brothers flying far and near, high and low. They saw what good times they were having, how fast they could travel. All day they heard their happy voices buzzing and singing, and saw the beautiful colors flashing from their wings in the sunlight. The worms did not like it; they were jealous.

At last one worm bolder than the rest could endure it no longer. He crawled over to a beetle that was walking near and challenged him.

"I am more powerful than you," said the worm. "I can do greater things."

"What can you do?" asked the beetle, lighting on a bush nearby.

"I can travel faster," said the worm. "I can beat you in the race."

"All right," said the beetle, "we will have a race."

The distance to be covered was agreed upon, and they started. The worm measured off the earth distance as fast as ever he could. The beetle flew swiftly away. Of course the beetle arrived long before the worm came crawling to the goal.

"You have beaten me in a test of speed," said the worm, "but I am stronger. I can overpower you."

"All right," again said the beetle, "come on and try your strength with me."

For a short time they wrestled, but soon the worm had to give up. Those powerful wings of the beetle worked like magic. With them he could swoop down on his enemy with power, and with as great ease he could take wing and escape any attack made by the worm. The worm was soon overpowered, but not conquered. He would not give up.

"It is true that you have beaten me alone and single-handed but my tribe can overcome your tribe," said the worm.

"Very well," said the beetle, "we will put the tribes to test."

The beetle summoned all the bugs to council. From far and near they came, bees and beetles, butterflies and dragonflies, wasps and moths.

The worm called a council also of his people. From long and short trails they came, large and small worms, fat and lean worms; everything that could crawl came.

When all were lying about the council tree, the chief of the worms spoke. He said, "Worms are great. They have strong power. Let us show the wing people that live in the air what we can do. Let us

overcome and kill off this tribe that fly without feathers. We are the stronger, we can fight longer."

It was agreed by both tribes that it should be a war of many suns, that each would fight till the other gave up. It was also agreed that neither should eat until one had surrendered.

The bumble bees then gave the war cry. There was a great buzzing and booming, and the fight began.

It was a great battle. Twenty-eight suns they fought, all the time the harvest moon hung in the night sky. Many grew weak and fell on both sides. Food was all about them, plenty of it, but no one could eat.

At last the worm tribe began to grow weaker and weaker. They could not withstand those winged attacks from on high. They could not fight winged warriors. They could not overcome those brothers that live in the high place.

Again and again they heard the chief of the bugs calling to his people, "Fight from the high place! Never meet the enemy on his own ground! Never use his weapon! Fight from the high place!" and the winged people obeyed.

As the harvest moon dropped out of the sky, the worms surrendered. They had lost so many of their people, they were obliged to give up. Those that survived then turned and crawled into the ground, they

were so ashamed. There they have been living ever since.

But the Indians say that the Red children have never forgotten the words of the chief of the bugs. "Fight from the high place! Never meet the enemy on his own ground, never use his weapon! Fight from the high place!"

HOW CORN AND BEANS CAME TO BE

Perhaps the boys and girls do not know that the vegetables that appear most often on our dining tables—the corn, bean, squash, and potato—are the gifts of the Red children. We should be very grateful for these, and the many other gifts the Indian has given us.

The Senecas call the corn and beans their "sustainers of life, or those we live by," but they say there was once a time when there were no corn or beans, and men hunted for their food. This was before the Great Spirit had given the Red children these gifts.

For many moons the hunters then followed the track of bear and deer and brought back game. But at last there was no game to be found, and the people were without food. Children cried with hunger, and the old people dropped like yellow leaves in the fall when the Frost Chief has passed. Famine had entered the lodge doors. Only the strong lived.

The chief of the people had a daughter beautiful as a flower. Gahana she was called. The people loved her, for Gahana's heart was as kind and loving as her face was beautiful. Many young braves sought

her but Gahana thought only of one, Gauwii (Midsky), as he was called because he stood strong and tall and straight among the people, and had far-seeing eyes.

The time was near when Gauwii would make Gahana his wife. A few nights before the day came on which she was to go and sit at the lodge door of Gauwii, Gahana had a dream. In the dream a voice spoke and said, "If an Indian maiden shall go the Sky Trail, the people shall have food and live."

Till the sun set, and again until it rose, Gahana thought on this dream and the words that had been spoken; then she sought Gauwii She asked that he meet her by the river when the blanket of night had fallen.

That night as Soika Gaakwa—the moon—showed her face, Gahana made her way to the river trail. There on a small hill by the singing river Gauwii waited for her. She told him of the dream and what the Voice had said. He listened but spoke not. Then she said, "Gahana is that maiden. She will go that the people may live."

At this Gauwii rose and lifting his head high spoke, "Gahana shall not go alone. Gauwii—Midsky—shall travel Great Sky trail with her."

In joy the maiden threw her arms about her lover. A strange white light streamed from the sky and

"There stood a wonderful corn stalk"

hovered over them. It wrapped itself about them like a blanket. There came a soft rustling and sighing through the air, a breath sweet as the waters of the maple. Then all was silent and the moon dropped out of the sky. After a little the birds began their whisper songs; the east was shot with light. It was day.

At sun-up, the old chief, Gahana's father, made his way by the river to the hill. It was to this place each morning he came to sing his sun song, a song of praise and thanks to the Great Spirit that He had permitted the sun, their brother, to look in on them. When he reached the place, there on the hill stood a wonderful corn stalk, and around the corn stalk with its waving tassels and plumes was twined a beautiful bean with sweet-smelling blossoms and velvety pods.

As the chief stood in wonder before them, the spirit of the bean spoke. "O, great chief, my father, listen! Gahana, the Bean maiden, speaks. Once she sat in your lodge and this corn stalk her arms enfold was once Gauwii, her Indian lover.

"Gahana and Gauwii have left their lodges, they have gone from you that the people might live. Take the corn and beans which we give you, plant them by the river and the people shall have food."

The old chief did as the Bean maiden, Gahana, said. Soon a great field of corn with full ears waved and

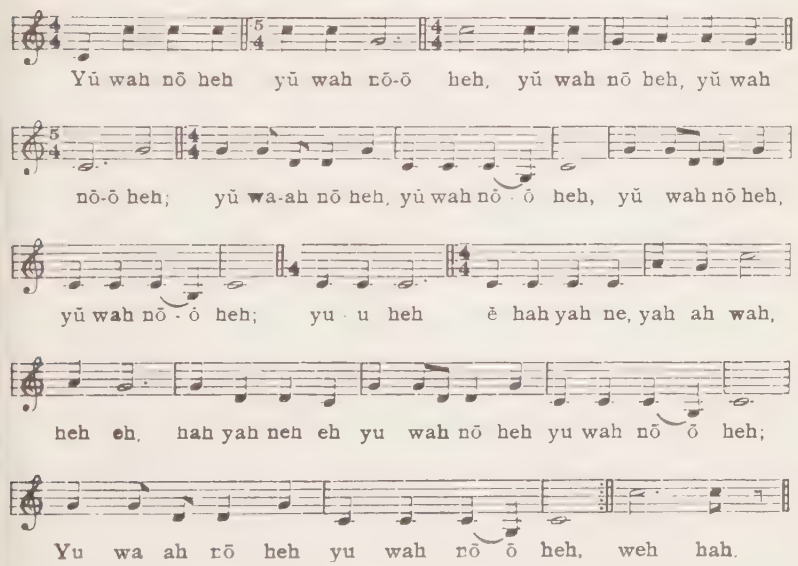
rustled in the wind by the river, and around each corn-stalk was twined a bean, sweet with flowers and velvet pods. Since then the Red Children have called the corn and bean their "sustainers of life." Since life was given for them, they in turn can give life.

Famine never again entered the lodge doors. There have been corn and beans a plenty, for the spirits of Gauwii and Gahana still hover over the fields.

"DA YAW DA NES HO TAH"

Bean Song

Sung by Simeon Skye, recorded by Mary Wolff


Yŭ wah nō heh yŭ wah nō-ō heh, yŭ wah nō heh, yŭ wah
nō-ō heh; yŭ wa-ah nō heh, yŭ wah nō - ō heh, yŭ wah nō heh,
yŭ wah nō - ō heh; yu - u heh ĕ hah yah ne, yah ah wah,
heh eh, hah yah neh eh yu wah nō heh yu wah nō ō heh;
Yu wa ah nō heh yu wah nō ō heh, weh hah.

WHY THE WOODCHUCK COMES OUT IN MIDWINTER*

On the second day of the midwinter moon, the woodchuck comes out of his lodge The White man says that he comes out to see the weather, that he is looking for his shadow, and if he sees it he knows that Old Man Winter is still chief of the world, and that he had better go back and stay in his warm lodge until the Winter chief has departed on the great North Trail.

But the Indian knows that it is not his shadow only that the woodchuck is looking for. He has another purpose in coming out of his lodge; neither does he

*By permission of *The Outlook*.

return to his lodge, as the White man says, when once he has come out.

The Indians are very wise in the ways of the wood people. They know their little brothers of the wood better than the White man, and they say this is why the woodchuck leaves his lodge:

It was a long time ago that a mother fox and her children were living in a hollow log. A very nice home they had had in this log as long as the little fox children could remember.

One day as the fox children were playing near the lodge, a woodchuck happened by. He saw the fox children at play and watched them until they ran home to their mother in her lodge.

"That must be a fine wigwam to live in," thought the woodchuck. "I will ask to come in and stay with them awhile."

Soon the woodchuck stood at the door of the fox-lodge "May I come in?" he asked. The mother fox was kind She looked at the woodchuck with her keen, bright eyes and then said, "Come in!"

The woodchuck thanked the fox and finding a warm, soft place in the lodge, he went to sleep. When he waked, the foxes had left the lodge and were not to be found.

It was some time before the woodchuck saw the foxes again, but one day he came upon the children at

play. The foxes were now no longer small, but nearly as large as their mother. Again the woodchuck watched and discovered where they were stopping. Again he asked that he might be allowed to enter their lodge.

The mother fox told him that he was welcome not only to share their lodge, but that he might have it. "The lodge is yours," she said, "if you wish it. My children are growing fast, and need a larger home. They are strong and swift of foot. They can run far. It is time for my family to move on. Foxes do not live long in one lodge. Like the Indian, we like to travel and make camp often."

The sun was already on the Southland Trail, the birds were also calling together their tribes, the leaves were beginning to fall and the nights were growing cold. The woodchuck remembered this and thanked the fox kindly. He said he would be glad to take her house for the winter.

Soon it grew so cold, the woodchuck found he must make the lodge warmer if he were to occupy it all winter, so he went out and sharpened his teeth and nails on the hardest tree that he could find. He must have sharp tools with which to work.

Then the woodchuck began to build a lodge that Old Man Winter could not enter. The doors were so long and narrow and dark, he knew the Winter Chief

would never be able to find his way through them. From sunrise till sunset he dug and dug with his hand tools, and sawed and sawed with his teeth, until he had a fine warm winter lodge; then he sat down to enjoy it.

But soon he began to be hungry. He looked about, but he saw nothing to eat. He had forgotten to bring any food with him. "Well," thought he, "it is too cold to go out to eat and I am too comfortable in my warm wigwam; I will make believe that I have something to eat," and the woodchuck sat and licked and licked and licked his fat hands and smacked his lips until he believed he had had a good meal. This he did every time he was hungry, and he found his hunger was satisfied. Then after he had finished his make-believe meal, he would count off slowly on his fingers the moons that must pass before he would be able to leave his lodge.

One moon, two moons, three moons, four moons, five moons must come and go before Old Man Winter would depart and he could go again on the trail and sit in the sun at his lodge door. It was a long time.

"The fox is always on the trail, she is not afraid of Old Man Winter, her blanket must be warm," thought the woodchuck as he sat there counting the moons that must pass before it would be well for him to venture forth in his blanket. "I wish I could find a

blanket like hers," and the woodchuck again fell to counting and naming the moons.

The "Leaf-falling Moon" had passed, and the "Moon of First Cold" was almost gone. Then would come the "Moon of Great Cold," the "Moon of Long Nights." "One, two, three!" counted the woodchuck. After the "Moon of Long Nights" had gone, the "Moon of Lengthening Days" would come. "One, two, three, four!" and then—the woodchuck pressed hard on his fifth finger—and then, it would be time to leave the lodge, for the "New Year Moon" would wake all creatures from their sleep and he would go out and look for that wise old mother fox. There was something he would ask her that she could tell him.

"One, two, three, four, five!" Again and again the woodchuck counted off those moons after finishing his make-believe meal. His hands were not fat now as when he entered the lodge, he had licked them so much, and his fingers were spread far apart, he had counted the moons on them so often. This is why the woodchuck makes such a broad track today, the Indians say.

At last the five moons pass. It is time to leave the lodge. The "New Year Moon" calls him forth. He will go out and search for that old mother fox until he finds her. He does not wish to stay in another

winter and eat make-believe meals. He will get a blanket like those the foxes wear; then he can stay out all winter, get his own game, and have a good time. That old mother fox is very wise. She knows many things. He must find her, so in and out one lodge after another the woodchuck runs, looking for her.

He never goes back to his own lodge when once he has come out, for he knows she is not there. But into one hole after another the woodchuck runs, searching all the earth and tree lodges. He must find that old mother fox. He must learn from her how to make a blanket so warm that Old Man Winter cannot blow his breath through it.

This is why, the Indian says, the woodchuck comes out in midwinter. He is not looking for his shadow, or to see what kind of weather it is. He is looking for that wise old mother fox, and he cannot find her.

WHY THE SUN TRAVELS FROM EAST TO WEST

The sun is a swift runner. Every day he makes a journey through the sky world. The Indians say he is stretching a line across the sky. Every day finds him at his work, for his work is never done. One of the Indians, a long, long time ago, found out why it was that the sun was always so busy running through the sky, and he told the others, so now all the Indian people know.

It seems that this Indian thought much on the things of the sky world. It was not enough for him to hunt and fish, to make fire and eat and sleep as did most of the other Indians; he longed to know of the wonderful things up in the sky world.

Day after day this Indian sat at his lodge door and watched the sun move across the sky from the east to the west. Day after day he wondered what he was doing. Each morning the sun was up early at his task. Often the Indian wished he could get up there and see him at his work.

Now those who are good, and believe that the good

"Day after day he wondered"

and beautiful things that they desire will come to them, always get their wishes. It was so with this man, for he lived a good life and believed that the Great Spirit would give him his wish to see the sky world and learn many wonderful things.

So it happened one day that some strange men came to see the Indian. These men said that they had come to take him into the sky world. They had been told, they said, that he wished to see the wonders of the sky trails. So they had come to be his guides.

The Indian thanked the men. He said he was glad they had come, for he had long wished to go. Soon the Indian and the men were on the trail up the mountain that leads to the sky world.

When the top of the mountain was reached, the men drew aside the blue blanket that hung over it, and they passed on into the sky world. Higher and higher they climbed over cloud mountains of white, faster and faster they ran along great stretches of open blue. At last they reached the place where each day the sun comes up over the rim of the earth world.

It was so warm there the Indian could not get very near, but he could see the sun at his work. All day the Indian watched as the sun drew a line of wonderful gold light across the sky. The line shone so bright, and the sun smiled and grew so warm and happy as he worked, the Indian could not get as near as he

would have liked, but he could see how glad and strong the sun made all living things on the earth below. Men whistled and women sang as they went about their work. Children laughed and played, birds sang as they built their nests, and all the green things turned their faces to catch the smile of the sun, and tried to reach the beautiful trail of light he was drawing up there in the sky.

On and on went the sun, stretching that golden line until he had traveled the entire distance of the sky world. When he reached the edge on the opposite side he was very tired. He lay down to rest, and as he fell asleep he dropped over the edge of the world and was lost to sight. Then it grew dark.

The Indian sat for a time in the dark and quiet. Then he saw a soft light coming from the place in the east where the sun had that morning begun to draw the line. The soft white shining grew brighter, and soon the moon appeared. Her soft moccasins made no noise as she came. Silently she ran along the path the sun had that day traveled. Slowly she wound up the line he had that day stretched until no trace of it was seen in the sky from the east to the west. Then the soft light grew pale, the moon disappeared, and it was dark again.

Next morning the sun rose to find his work of the day before undone. Again he went to his task and

stretched the line of light from east to west through the sky world. Again he grew tired as he finished his work, and as he dropped asleep, fell over the edge of the world. Again the moon came in the dark and wound up the line he had that day drawn across the sky.

So this is why, the Indians say, the sun must each day run through the sky world, and make that long journey from the east to the west. This is also why his work is never finished, for the moon, each night, undoes the work that he has done that day. She winds up the beautiful line of light he has made through the sky to help the earth children to look up.

WHY WE HAVE MOSQUITOES

The Indians believe that the Great Spirit made everything good, and for the use and help of the Red children.

Once they say there lived a great mosquito. The Great Spirit had made it to destroy the worms and insects that so often live on plants and trees.

For some time the mosquito did the work that the Great Spirit intended he should do, and the lives of many plants and trees were saved.

Then one day the mosquito got a taste of human blood. O how he liked it! He liked it so well he began to sing a song about it. No more would he eat of the insects that troubled plants and trees; the red blood of human beings pleased his taste better, so

every man, woman or child he met he would attack and feed upon the blood.

The Red Children saw that if they were to live the great mosquito must go, and one day all the warriors set out with their bows and arrows to overcome him.

A long, long chase they gave him across country. At last they overtook him and conquered him. He was then thrown against a rock, and as he struck the rock, little drops of blood flew in all directions. From every drop of blood, there sprang a mosquito, and the air was filled with them.

Since these little insects are the blood relatives of the great mosquito, they have the same tastes and desires. This is why mosquitoes still like to taste the blood of human beings, and why they still declare themselves the enemies of men.

"Our great-grandfather was overcome by these men," they say, "but they shall not overcome us. We are many, and he was one."

WHY THE MAPLE WEARS A BEADED DRESS

Once, the Indians say, the trees did not stand still, as they do now, but moved and walked about.

And one day a Maple Maiden came singing down a trail. Her dress was fresh and green and rustled softly as she passed. In her hand she carried a wooden bowl. The Maple Maiden was fair and good to look upon.

Near this trail there stood a young, tall, and handsome White Oak. He saw the Maple Maiden passing and called to her.

"What have you in your wooden bowl?" asked the young Oak.

"Oh, some of the sweet water my people furnish for man to drink," replied the Maiden.

"Give me the drink," said the young Oak eagerly.

The Maple Maiden handed the bowl of sweet water to him. He drank long and deep. Never had he drunk of such sweet water before. It seemed the most refreshing drink he had ever had. The Oak was so grateful he bowed low his thanks to the Maiden.

As he bent his tall, proud head to her, some green acorns that fringed the leafy blanket that was wrapped about his shoulders fell to the ground. He stooped and gathered them into the bowl, then strung them on a string of his shredded bark. When he had finished, he threw the string of green acorns about the Maple Maiden's neck.

"Wear them for me," he said in a low voice. "You give me sweet water to drink, I give you beads with which to trim your dress."

Ever since then, the Indian says, the Maple has had no eyes but for the Oak. Always she may be found standing near him, and every spring she puts on for him a new gauzy-winged dress which she always trims with those green beads that he gave her so long ago.

HOW A SONG CHANGED THE WORLD

On the edge of a great swamp near an Indian village there once stood an Indian lodge. In this lodge there lived an Indian mother and her son. The father's heart had been made sad by the people of the village. They did not understand his thoughts and ways. They thought it strange that he did not wish to go on the war-path, and that he disliked to kill his little brothers of the wood. So unkindly did they speak and act, the man at last left his home in the village, and built a lodge in the swamp. There he lived with his wife and son, and taught the boy many beautiful things.

But at sunrise one day, the father went on "The Long Trail"—the Great Sky Way—and the mother and boy were left alone in the lodge. They continued to live in the swamp, for they had come to know and to love the Animal, Bird, Plant and Tree People in it. These Swamp People were their friends. They gave them berries, roots and nuts to eat, and skins with which to make their clothing. But the people of the village still passed them by with unkind words.

The village people spent much time on the hunting

trail and the war-path. When they returned they clothed themselves in beaded skins and ornaments which they had taken from some other tribe, and danced and feasted, and boasted much of their power and their possessions. They had become a proud and selfish people.

If the woman and her son passed through the village, the people laughed and made fun of their swamp-skin clothes. These people had not seeing eyes, that looked within; they saw only the outside of things, things as they seemed to be. They did not see how beautiful, wise and kind the minds and hearts of the woman and her son were.

The boy was now a man in form. Very unlike the young men of the village was this young man, for great and good thoughts were always in his mind, and they had made his body strong and fine. He had lived close to the people of the swamp and looked long at the stars, and they had taught him many wonderful things.

One day the young men of the village thought to play a trick on him. They told him that the chief's daughter had sent for him. The young man himself spoke only words of truth, so he believed what the young men said.

That evening as the sun was low, the young man stood before the lodge of the chief. The great bear-

skin that hung before the lodge door was soon lifted, and an Indian girl stepped out. Her face was beautiful, but a dark cloud suddenly passed over it as she saw the young man. The young men who came to her father's lodge were clothed in rich skins and wore many ornaments. This young man was dressed in the skins of swamp animals. She did not see how strong and fine his form was, nor how clear and straight-glanced were his eyes. The dark cloud had dimmed her sight. Hers were not good eyes.

Before the young man could speak, the girl had told him to be gone, and never come to her lodge again. She then turned quickly and entered the lodge, drawing the bearskin close. At this, some of the village young men who had followed sprang from their hiding-places and laughed and jeered at the young man, calling him "swamp chief" until he disappeared in the great swamp.

The young man's heart was heavy. He felt so lonely he did not return to his mother's lodge, but went into a deep wood and sat down. As he sat there on a log, there came a voice from behind. The voice said, "Do not feel lonely and sad. I will help you. I know your heart can be made light. What the young men told you is true; it will come to pass."

In surprise the swamp chief turned and saw a strange-looking old woman. "If you learn to sing

this song that I shall sing to you, it will bring the chief's daughter and all good things to you."

The woman began to sing, and the moment she did so, it seemed to the young man that something inside of him caught the song, and began too to sing. There seemed to be another self within him, and that self had always known the song. It poured out of his heart as water bubbles from a spring. It was a song of love, a song of praise and thanks for all the good gifts of the Great Spirit. He had no need to learn this song with his mouth; his heart sang it so well his mouth was full of the song. A new strength and power came to him as he sang. His heart grew light and his feet happy. The old woman nodded her head wisely. She had no need to teach him this song; he knew it.

"Sing the song three nights," she said, and then suddenly she was gone.

With swift feet the young man returned to his mother's lodge. The next night as the Star People looked out from the great sky tent, the young man stood in his lodge door and sang. Many people came from the village to the edge of the swamp and listened.

The following night be again stood at the lodge door and sang the song. Many more of the village people made their way to the swamp that night, and

"The chief's daughter made her way to the singer"

they came nearer the lodge. On the outside of the circle, the face of the chief's daughter was seen.

The song of praise and love was ever with the young man. The skies of the swamp world were never so blue, and the sun never shone so bright and warm. The third night came. Again the star brothers looked down upon their swamp brothers and watched and smiled.

That night the singer sat in his lodge door as he sang. Soon the swamp lodge was surrounded by the village people; the whole tribe came to listen to the song of love and praise. No one remained in the village. The kind face of Soika-gaakwa—She who shines at night—looked down upon them. The swamp was still, no sound was heard but the song. Suddenly there was a stir among the people and a murmur ran through them as the chief's daughter was seen to make her way quickly to the singer and seat herself by his side. He was wrapped in the same worn-looking blanket he had worn to her lodge door, but the chief's daughter did not see the blanket now; she saw only the light in his eyes, and heard only that song in his heart.

When the song was ended the chief stood at his daughter's side. "We will now return to our lodge," he said. But the girl quickly plaited together her long braids of beautiful hair and put them about the

singer's neck. This meant that she loved the singer, and that their hearts were as one. Then in the hearing of all the people she spoke, "Oh, Chief, my father! This is now the home of your daughter. She will sit at this lodge door."

The chief saw that his daughter loved the singer, and he said, "It shall be as she wishes." Then he asked the young man to return with them, but the singer said, "Not now; some time I will come!"

So the chief's daughter remained at the swamp lodge. She thought it beautiful, for she saw it now with seeing eyes, eyes of love.

After the people had gone and the chief's daughter and his mother slept, the swamp chief made his way to the place where he had met the strange old woman. She had told him to return the third night, and she would speak with him again.

When he reached the log the strange-looking woman was there. "I know all that has happened," she said. "The chief's daughter has come to you and your heart is glad. Continue to sing the song I brought to you. It is a song from the Great Spirit. Sing it always in your heart, and it will bring all good things to you. Treat all people alike, and with kindness, those that live in the swamp, and those that live in the high places. Keep the song in your heart, and you will be as a brother to all. All good will come to

you, your corn will grow tall and your harvest will be plentiful. Sing this song and the people will come to you for help and honor you. I am your grandmother, the whippoorwill. I stay in the wet, dark places and help those who have been driven from the high places of the sun. Always remember me, and when you hear my voice you will know that spring is here and planting time has come. I seem to be silent and sad, but things are not always as they seem. My heart is glad, for I bring a song of great power and good from the Great Spirit to all who are able to hear it and to learn to sing it. It is a magic song. It changes everything. It makes dark, wet places to be warm and bright as the sun."

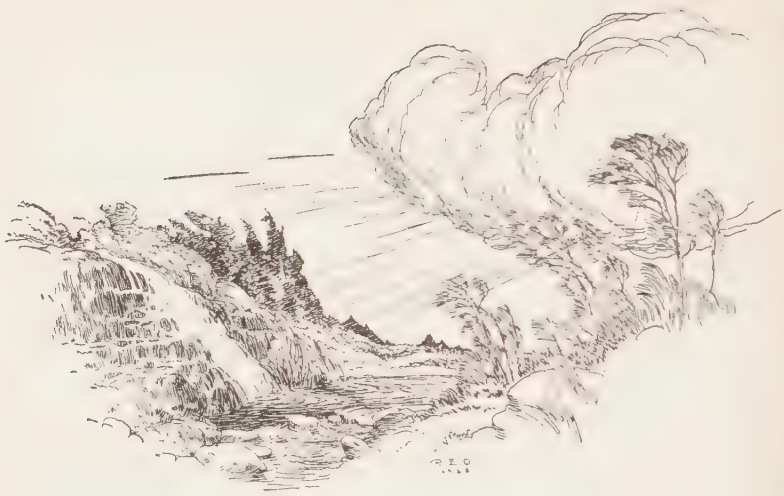
The strange old woman had gone. Like a shadow, she had slipped away, and far within the tangled swamp the strange cry of the whippoorwill was heard.

Back the young man went to his lodge. Love and happiness and plenty seemed to walk and run with him. He found the chief's daughter baking cakes for him, and singing as she worked. The smile of the Great Spirit rested on the swamp lodge, for the dwellers of that lodge had learned how to sing in their hearts the song of praise and love to the Great Spirit.

Soon all came to pass as the old woman had said. The people came and asked that he return to the

village and become their chief. A new and beautiful lodge was built for him, and the Spirits of Good and Plenty ever sat at the door.

The swamp chief became a chief of the high place, but he never forgot those who still lived in the wet and dark places. Because he loved all men, and protected and helped every living creature, he was made a peace chief. The people left their war trails, and spoke only kind words. Many learned to sing the song of love and praise from the great peace chief. Every spring the tribe watched for the coming of the whippoorwill. They remembered it was she who had brought the song from the Great Spirit and they welcomed and protected her from harm.



WHY WATERS LAUGH AND SHOUT WHEN WINDS BLOW

One day when the earth was very young the Winds came out from their sky lodge and suddenly began to chase the Waters about as they were playing and running over the earth.

The Waters did not wish to play with the Winds of the sky. They were very happy sporting with the earth children, so they said to the Winds, "Go back to your lodge in the sky, leave us alone, let us play by ourselves. The earth belongs to us; it is our playground, not yours."

"The Winds are stronger and more powerful than

the Waters," boasted the Winds. "We will play with whom and where we wish."

For a time the Waters were so surprised they could not speak. Then the chief of the Great Sea Waters sent a swift arrow of spray among the Winds. The Winds ceased their boasting and fell back. All was very still, and the voice of the chief was heard loud and strong. "Let the Winds prove the words they have spoken. The Waters of earth challenge the Winds of sky to meet them at sunrise in a test of strength."

"It shall be," replied the chief of the Winds. "The Winds of sky accept the challenge of the Waters of earth. At sunrise they will meet the Waters—and play with them."

The Winds withdrew to the sky world, and the Waters ran swiftly to the council called by the chief.

That night a great rain fell. Some of the Red children think that the heart of the great Sky Father was sad because the children of air and the children of earth would not play together. Be that as it may, the rain awoke the sleeping Waters. One after another they arose and began to run about in great excitement. At sunrise the Waters were running over the great plains and through the valleys like herds of wild buffalo.

The Winds in the sky heard their shouts and cries

as they leaped and danced and ran over the earth. They hastened to meet them.

"Stop!" roared the Winds in a great voice as two rivers ran swiftly toward them. "We are the stronger, we will blow you back to the lodge whence you came!"

The Winds blew and blew with all their great strength and power. Their breath seemed to rise like a great wall around the Waters. But with a shout the Waters broke through it and made their way on to the Big Sea Waters.

The Winds next attempted to hold a swift-running waterfall with their strong arms, but the waterfall pushed them aside, as deer do the moosewood, and with a glad shout leaped past them on to the rocks below.

Many young streams and half-grown waterfalls were caught by the Winds, but with low gurgling laughter they slipped from their hands and ran down another trail to the Council of Waters.

The Winds now paused and counseled together. A decision was quickly reached. They would unite and drive back the Great Sea Waters.

With a roar the Winds swept down upon them. "Retreat from these shores!" they shouted. "We will show the Waters how strong are the Winds!"

At first the Waters seemed to withdraw and run

from the Winds. The Winds, however, soon lost their breath and went down. By the time they had again risen, the Waters were leaping and tumbling over the shores.

"The Waters seem to be the stronger," sighed the Winds. "We cannot hold them, they are great runners. Were it not for the Winds, however, they would be asleep, not running. It was the Winds who sent the Rain People to wake them; from the Rain People they have their strength to run."

The Great Waters grew still and listened to the words of the Winds "The Winds speak truth," they said. "It was the Rain People who waked us, and it was the Winds who chased the Rain People through the sky and caused us to awaken and rise and run. We would not have been great and powerful had there been no Winds. Winds and Rains and Waters are brothers; they are of one tribe; they must work and play together."

"How, how!" cried the Winds. "It shall be so!" And the Winds and the Waters began such a play and dance as the earth had never seen before. The Waters leaped and tumbled and rolled over the shores of the world, and the Winds tossed them high in the sky and played ball with them, until both earth and sky were filled with their shouts and laughter. Such sport was it *to play together.*

The little Waters still laugh low and chuckle softly as they tell the story to the birds and others of the Wood People. "We are running to see the game between the Winds and the Great Waters," the little streams call as they hasten by, for ever since that time the Winds of sky and the Waters of earth have met to play together.

And now often great shouts and roars of laughter may be heard coming from the Big Sea Waters.

It is the Winds and the Waters playing together.

HOW GIVING EVIL FOR EVIL ENDS

One day as an Indian boy was following a trail near a stream he saw a snake running through the tall grass. He watched it, and soon discovered that the snake was after a frog. The frog was leaping for his life, doing his best to reach the stream. One more leap and he would have made it, but the long sedge grass proved an enemy. It caught him by the legs and held him, and that last leap was never taken, for as he struggled to free himself from the sedge grass, the snake was upon him.

With a hissing war cry, the snake struck the frog and seized him in his mouth. Again and again the frog struggled to free himself from the grip of the snake, but the snake held him fast, and with head high in the air swung the frog from side to side, as if to boast of his power.

As the boy watched the battle he remembered what an old man had said the night before as he sat by their lodge fire. This old man, who seemed to be wise, had said, "Do to others what they do to you." "This must be a good law," thought the boy. "I will tell the frog about it; it may save his life." So the boy called to the frog, "Do what the snake is doing, do what the snake is doing!"

Now it so happened that just as the boy spoke, the snake raised his head very high and swung the frog far around and back of him. The frog heard and understood the boy's words. His great bulb eyes were quick to see his chance. The next time he was swung back and around, the end of the snake's tail was seized in his mouth, and the frog began to swallow the snake, as the snake was swallowing the frog.

There was now a ring of snake and frog lying in the grass—and that ring was growing smaller! Each was eating the other up! Down, down, down went the tail of the snake in the frog's throat, and less and less frog-leg was to be seen hanging from the mouth of the snake.

The ring had grown very small now, for as more and more frog went down the snake's throat, more and more snake went down the frog's throat.

In amazement the boy stood and watched the

struggle, and as the ring grew smaller and smaller, the boy's eyes grew bigger and bigger. Then he could scarcely believe his eyes at all, for as the snake swallowed the last bit of frog, the frog swallowed the last bit of snake—and nothing at all was left. Each had eaten the other up!

The boy searched long in the grass where but a few moments before there had been both a snake and a frog. Not a speck of either was to be found. Each had done what the other had done to him.

THE END

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